

The Listener

Published every Thursday by the British Broadcasting Corporation



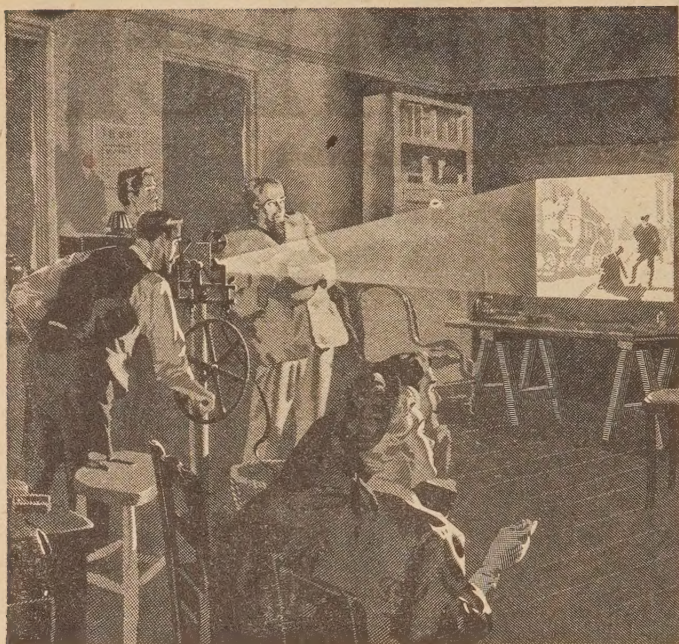
'Imperial Personage', by Osbert Lancaster: from the exhibition at the Redfern Gallery, London (see page 1006)

In this number:

Towards an Armistice in the Cold War? (Walter Lippmann)

Myth and Faith (Emil Brunner)

Prometheus' Love Song (Edith Sitwell)



IN THE HATTON GARDEN WORKSHOP of a scientific instrument maker, in 1895, strange new pictures were thrown on a magic lantern screen—pictures that *moved*. What may have seemed merely an intriguing novelty to the admiring witnesses was, in fact, the first commercially practicable film projector to be made in this country—the Theatrograph. Its inventor was Robert W. Paul, one of the purposeful men who made the 1890's a period of promise unique in our history. Another was Albert E. Reed, who that same year began to make supercalendered newsprint and other printing papers at Tovil, near Maidstone, having converted an almost derelict straw mill acquired the previous year. Expanding his paper-making business with the energy and enterprise so typical of the times, he founded one of the largest paper-making organisations in the world. For to-day the four mills of the Reed Paper Group, with its unrivalled technical experience and resources, produce more than a quarter of a million tons of paper a year—newsprint, printings, Reed's famous Aylesford Kraft and other kinds of wrapping papers.

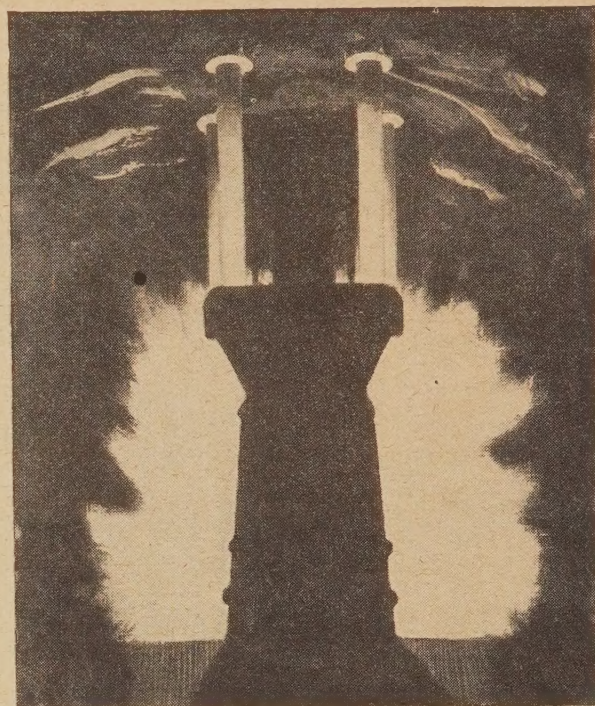
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BLAST AND COUNTERBLAST



THE inside of a blast furnace deteriorates with use and every three to five years the refractory material with which it is lined has to be renewed. First, the furnace must be allowed to cool, then the old lining—up to 1,000 tons of it—must be prised out by men with crowbars and pneumatic hammers. In order to save time, many steel works have called in I.C.I., whose Nobel Division in Glasgow has developed a special technique, using new explosives, which enables furnace linings to be blasted out when still hot—without the delay of waiting for the shot holes to cool down to normal temperatures.

With this technique, a blast furnace at Scunthorpe in Lincolnshire was relined in the record time of 32 days, 11 hours and 39 minutes without damage to either the outer shell of the furnace or adjacent plant. A fair average time for the explosive method would be 50 days, as against about 150 days by the old hammer and crowbar method. This speed-up in the relining of furnaces is equivalent to a 4% increase in the total steel-producing capacity of the United Kingdom.



The Listener

Vol. XLVII. No. 1216

Thursday June 19 1952

REGISTERED AT THE G.P.O.
AS A NEWSPAPER

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Changed Stresses in French Affairs

By JEAN-JACQUES SERVAN-SCHREIBER

FOR the first time since 1939 the top man in France of the Communist Party has been put in gaol. The arrest was accidental but what is not accidental is what has happened since. Although the party has ordered several strikes and mass demonstrations to protest against M. Duclos' imprisonment, almost nothing has followed these appeals. It is perhaps the most important event in France since the end of the war. The reaction, or absence of reaction, from the huge Communist Party to the orders of its staff was a surprise to the most optimistic observers.

Perhaps only for a small group has it not been a surprise. That group is the central committee, in other words the 'brains-trust' of the Communist Party itself. There are several indications that, for the last two months, the French Communist chiefs had already come to the conclusion that their policy of the past four years had not borne the desired fruits. They had decided on a complete change of tactics. The failure of the last two weeks* has confirmed their opinion.

As a result of the failure of the strikes in 1947 the Communist Party took a new line in France. That line was officially explained by Maurice Thorez, the French Communist hero and still actual head of the party (although he has been for the last two years secluded in Russia for medical treatment). Thorez made his famous report at that time to the twelfth general congress of the party, suggesting—in other words ordering—that the Communists should extend their hands to anyone, regardless of class, who opposed the alliance with America.

Since then the main slogan of the party has been 'the fight for peace'—that is, the fight against the American 'warmongers'. But instead of putting itself in the limelight, the party sheltered

behind the frontal organisations like the 'Partisans of Peace' and tried combined action with the other workers' unions against rearmament, and war in Indo-China, and the war in Korea. Throughout this period the Communists used intellectuals like the poet Aragon and the scientist Joliot Curie, collaborated with bourgeois political leaders like Pierre Cot and Yves Farge, and with industrialists. Anyone who declared himself against the Atlantic alliance was treated as a friend. The last manifestation of that policy was the Moscow economic conference of a month ago.

Then one of the young chiefs of the party, M. François Billou, went to a Russian resort in Crimea where Maurice Thorez is receiving treatment. That was last month. Billou took with him all the reports of the last years. The conclusions of the reports were rather gloomy. The membership of the party, which had been in 1948 almost 1,000,000, is now down to about half this figure. And it is not only the number but the quality of the militants that has gone sharply down. Out of three members in 1952 only two go to the weekly meetings of the party. And one only fulfils his entire official obligations.

Billou came back to Paris. He wrote a long article in the Communist weekly *Les Cahiers du Communisme*, and this article was reprinted all over the Communist press in France with the official comment that it was inspired by Thorez. The new instructions contained in the article were: to abandon all class collaboration, to disband frontal organisations, and to return to concentrated action by the hard core of the Communist militants. Yves Farge, for instance, who was the head of the Party of Peace, was sent to Indo-China. His weekly *Action* (organ of the fellow travellers) was closed.

Several officials in the French Government believe that now the Communist Party would like nothing better than to be outlawed. It would give them all the new impetus and energy that they need to reform a solid organisation. For that very reason it is very unlikely that the French Government will outlaw the party. On the contrary the events of the past two weeks have proved more clearly than ever before that the influence of the communists on the workers is rapidly diminishing. The best policy is to let Moscow itself continue that work of demolition. That important political event has contributed to make the now legendary little provincial industrial, M. Pinay, our Prime Minister, an even more forceful figure. It is a spectacular phenomenon that we have witnessed in France in the past two months.

Threats to Democracy

In the beginning of April, everybody agreed that the French Parliamentary democracy was very weak because threatened internally by three menaces. The first was the Communist Party, the largest party in France, with 5,000,000 voters in the last elections. The second was a deadly threat of inflation in French finances. Prices had gone up over thirty-five per cent. between February 1951 and February last. The third threat—or at least considered as such by the leaders of the centre parties and even more by the left—was the large appeal of General de Gaulle's new political movement in the country. De Gaulle's Rally had succeeded overnight in becoming the second largest formation after the Communists. Even for those, like myself, who do not agree at all that de Gaulle is a fascist, it still was obvious that his complete refusal to collaborate with any other party for the formation of a government was a threat to the parliamentary system. It made it almost impossible to form a coalition without either the Gaullists or the Communists, except by combining all other political parties. Since their programmes were so different, the resulting government could have no positive policy. That had been so for several governments. Communism, inflation, and de Gaulle were, for all political purposes, reducing any French government to the role of a caretaker.

Whatever the opinion on M. Pinay's political leanings or the conservative quality of his programme, it must today be acknowledged that he has achieved three things. First, the solid opposition of the 120 Gaullist deputies in parliament had been decidedly broken. Since the first vote putting M. Pinay in power, the Gaullist Party has never voted again as a united formation. At first it was split in two, and more recently in three. Secondly, prices have ceased to go up now for over two months. The French franc on the world market, which achieved the record price of 490 to the dollar at the end of March, is now back to 385, only a little over its official value.

Lastly, since last week the Communist Party has encountered the most important internal crisis of the past fifteen years and its prestige among the workers in the country has never been so low. With the 'Pinay experiment', the French political situation has been profoundly changed. Nobody could be naive enough to swear today that the Communist threat in France has been abolished or that the franc is definitely stabilised. Indeed, many of us think the contrary. But the results of M. Pinay's action have already been striking enough to alter completely factors of French political life.

General de Gaulle does not believe any more that he can come to power on his own force with his own party. In fact he does not believe that he will come to power himself any more except perhaps in case of a major world catastrophe. The split with part of his followers was made official two days ago by an exchange of letters between the General and the rebels. Out of the 120 Gaullist deputies in Parliament now, at least fifty have ceased to obey his orders or suggestions and have become complete followers of the Pinay Government. That Government is now solidly backed by a coalition of centre and right parties, and the important fact is that even if and when M. Pinay is voted down, the same majority of the right will still be there. So that, with a possible change of

leader, the same kind of Government is now quite capable of remaining in power for a long period of time.

General de Gaulle, who has always been a shrewd analyst of the political situation in France, has already accepted that as a fact and has changed his line. In his last major speech he launched a new programme. In veiled words he labelled M. Pinay and his political followers as the representatives of the pre-war right wing and also the inheritors of the Vichy political philosophy. So he called for the formation between the left wing of his party and the left wings of other parties of a new coalition. These would, for the time being, represent a minority, but he considers that left-wing coalition as the true heir of the resistance movements whose programme was a kind of social revolution in France against the pre-war structures.

The same phenomenon has also taken place among the other parties, especially the two major parties, the Radicals and the Christian Democrats. Both of these are participating in the Government, and a majority of their leaders are in favour of the present conservative policy. But among their followers a large wing, inclined to the left, is speaking more and more violently against what they call the reactionary policy of M. Pinay.

For the first time in the Fourth Republic each major vote in parliament sees a complete split of the political parties who were previously voting unitedly. For instance last week, on the crucial vote for the sliding scale of wages, the Gaullists voted forty-five for, thirty-seven against, and thirty abstentions. The Christian Democrats voted half in favour and one half abstentions. In parliamentary terms, the French political life has been much simplified, into what amounts to an almost two-party system. On one hand a coalition of the right, that is at present a majority, on the other hand a coalition of the non-Communist left. Until now, only one kind of coalition was possible, and this gives back a long-awaited flexibility. This might look like a lucky accident and M. Pinay like a new kind of Joan of Arc. More probably it is the result of a slow but constant evolution of events that suddenly crystallised under the one needed little shock. That new French parliament is going to face its major test when the time comes for ratification of the contracts with west Germany, signed last month. Nobody could tell, now, what the outcome will be: their minds are rather confused. De Gaulle and the Communists are decidedly against. Several right-wing groups are also opposed to abandoning a French national army. The large Socialist Party is almost evenly divided. In principle, I believe, a majority of the French political representatives would agree that the European army scheme is sound and necessary. But it is the concrete application that frightens them. They fear a German domination in a short time. For a very simple and dramatic reason: the French army is in Indo-China.

Heavy Military Burden

This week in the French parliament the military budget is debated. The facts have become clear. France is spending fourteen per cent. of its national revenue for military purposes. This is the second largest percentage in the free world, after the United States. So we should be able to count on a large army. But if the price of the war in Indo-China is taken out we then have a total, excluding of course the pensions to veterans, that represents only seven per cent. of our national revenue. And that is the lowest figure of the free world, equal with Norway. The French tragedy is clearly expressed by these two figures: a very heavy military burden, and a very small army. Between them comes the fear of Germany. Germany has no external commitments and a strong heavy industry.

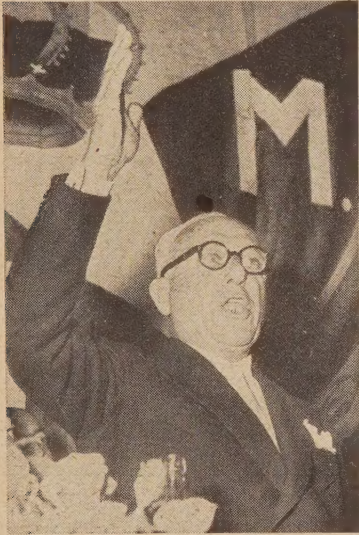
Many French deputies see the situation in these terms: if we stay in Indo-China, Europe will be German. France faces new problems. The wave from the left has withdrawn, the first conservative government is in power. The Communist threat and the Gaullist *esperance* have both strongly decreased. A healthy Germany is back in front of us. After seven years a new political period starts.—*Third Programme*

The Coming Struggle in Italy

By RENATO GIORDANO

TO understand the significance of the coming general elections in Italy, we must first go back and see what were the issues at the local elections that have just been fought, and why so much was at stake. The first fateful decision was taken over a year ago by Signor Scelba, the Christian Democrat Minister of the Interior, when he decreed that the municipal elections should be held at two different times: in northern and central Italy in the spring of 1951, but in the south not until sometime later in the autumn of 1951 or the spring of 1952.

Scelba himself did not realise the far-reaching consequences of his decision. His intention was to test the new electoral system. Under this the party, or group of parties, which wins the majority of votes, is entitled to two-thirds of the seats in the local council. Previously we had had proportional representation. The new system tends to bring similar parties together, and Scelba realised that in the north this would enable the constitutional parties to wrest the local administration out of communist hands, to impress the country with a show of democratic strength and so prepare the ground for the general election. In the north last year the new electoral system did, in fact, work quite well. With the single exception of Bologna, all the major towns were won by the combined constitutional parties—that is to say the Christian Democrats, the



Achille Lauro, leader of the Monarchist Party, addressing a meeting in Naples

Liberals, the Republicans, and, in many places, the Social Democrats.

But it was a different story when the south and Rome came into the foreground of events. The Christian Democrat leaders gradually began to realise the dangers inherent in the very difficult political set-up there. In the south, and even in Rome, the parties of the extreme right, the Neo-Fascists and the pro-fascist Monarchists, have a far greater following than they have in northern and central Italy. Thus the Christian Democrats realised that the anti-communist vote would not all go to the constitutional bloc, but be split up between the centre and the right; this might give the Communists here and there the chance of winning the majority of votes and with it control of some of the towns. Rome, Naples, and Bari in particular—the most important towns involved in the elections—were on the danger list, though wrongly as it turned out. Moreover, as a consequence of Scelba's decision, the southern results would not be submerged in the tide of national results, but would remain conspicuous and be fully exploited by the right, only too ready to make capital out of any victory for the political elections next year.

It was with all this in mind that the

Christian Democrat leaders started negotiating with the Monarchists. The Monarchists have their headquarters in Naples, the home town of their leader, Signor Lauro, a very rich shipbuilder and a self-made man. Lauro built up his wealth during the Abyssinian war; later he spent some time in a prison camp set up by the Allied Military Government after the last war. And now, the Christian Democrats were out to split the alliance between Lauro's Monarchists and the Neo-Fascists by winning over the former to the centre group. This attempt failed; but by the time the negotiations broke down at the end of April on the very eve of the campaign, it had become clear that very much more was at stake than victory in this or that local election. What was at stake was the stability of parliamentary democracy itself, for negotiations with the Monarchists exposed the real Achilles' heel of Italian democracy, namely, the ideological and political division undermining the unity of the Christian Democrats.

Indeed, the party has two wings, or as I would rather say two souls: a liberal soul, which has its rallying point in Prime Minister de Gasperi, and a conservative, many would say reactionary, soul. The former tends towards an alliance with the democratic lay parties, and stands for a policy of reform at home together with whole-hearted support of Atlantic policy. It has so far been the predominant influence in the party. The latter, on the other hand, wants to shift the political emphasis to the centre right; it would like to water down both land reform and fiscal reform, bring back into the government some of the surviving fascist personalities, and initiate what they call a 'stronger' policy against the Communists, which seems to imply setting up some form of authoritarian regime.



Alcide de Gasperi, Prime Minister in the Italian Christian Democrat Government

Shortly after the Christian Democrat overtures to Lauro, it became evident that what their conservative wing really had in mind was to make the alliance with the Monarchists the first step along the road to a centre right coalition government. Thus they played up the argument that the democratic parties, such as the Liberals and the Social Democrats, were too small to be of any importance in the approaching struggle, and that the country could not run the risk of turning over some of the southern cities to Communist administration. Besides, they add, the south was now in the centre of the stage, and the coming electoral results would greatly influence the political elections scheduled for the spring of 1953.

The answer given to these arguments by the supporters of the democratic alliance, both inside and outside the Christian Democrat Party, was threefold. First, they could not accept an alliance with Lauro's Monarchists, since the Monarchists had much in common with the Neo-Fascists



Luigi Gedda, President of Catholic Action, speaking to pilgrims in Rome

and were bound to them by an official alliance; incidentally there was disagreement as to whether or not Lauro's help should be accepted, if he broke with the Neo-Fascists. Secondly, granted that in southern Italy the right was stronger than the centre, the contrary remained true in central and northern Italy, which politically wield more influence than the south: if today the Christian Democrat Party chose to ally itself with the right, it might tomorrow push the Social Democrats and the Republicans into the arms of the next popular front, which the Communists would be only too willing to set up. Thirdly, so runs their argument, the worst that could happen was that the constitutional parties would lose the administration of a few towns either to the right or to the left. But would that have been so serious? Turin, Genoa, Venice, Bologna, and Florence, had-after all, been under communist administration until last year without bringing the communist revolution noticeably nearer.

Conditions for an Alliance

But these arguments made little headway. The liberal Catholic wing was forced to yield to the pressure of the conservative Catholics, who were by now enjoying the support of the Vatican, as became quite clear from the appointment of Signor Gedda to the presidency of Catholic Action. Negotiations with Signor Lauro were duly started and an alliance offered to him under one condition: that he broke with the Neo-Fascists. This was a concession Signor Gedda and his friends had to make to the international situation, but while openly opposing the noisiest and the clumsiest fascist faction, they were in fact, as they must have known, working to bring back into key positions those very men who had formed the backbone of fascism.

It was a great day for de Gasperi when Lauro refused to accept this condition, thus bringing negotiations to an abrupt end. Gedda and his friends were taken aback: they had not yet realised that the man they were dealing with was bursting with confidence and intended to force his own conditions upon the 'priests' (Lauro's polemic way of referring to the Christian Democrats). Lauro may have started his political campaign for purely economic motives, perhaps seeing himself as the future minister of the Italian merchant marine; but by now his ambitions had changed: they had in fact swelled. It is difficult to know exactly what Lauro is after, but he probably would like to be the man of destiny, the man who alone will be in a position to stop and reverse the present course of the democratic state, possibly even the man who brings back the King on to the Italian throne. But he may not be too anxious to try to restore the King, because this is constitutionally very difficult, and after all even conservative circles in the Vatican would not like the reinstatement of the monarchy.

Indeed, Signor Lauro seems to appear as a man of destiny to his electors, the miserable crowds of the southern towns who are always seeking for some divinity to worship. They have no conception of constitutional monarchy and are far from seeing the King as a symbol of the continuity of the state: the King to them is a kind of myth, but a myth from a pagan religion. It matters little therefore what the monarchy actually promises through its rather unprincipled mouthpieces. What does matter is what these shabby Neapolitan crowds expect from the King. He is to them the means of escaping from the misery, the dullness, the hopelessness of their everyday lives. They ask less for houses and food, garments and work, because they have probably even ceased to hope for a solution of their concrete problems: they are happy with the generous illusion of a good king, who comes back to take on his shoulders the troubles of his people. And, of course, it fits very well into this picture that they should not object at all to the generous distributions of spaghetti and money made by Lauro's party-machine in the dirty backstreets of Naples, probably in order to prove in a New Testament way that he really is the man of providence.

But Lauro's refusal to break with the Neo-Fascists did not discourage Gedda. He and his friend, the Jesuit *padre* Lombardi, continued their lobbying in the Vatican. Finally Signor Gonella, the Secretary of the Christian Democrat Party received a Vatican 'recommendation' to make an alliance with the right in Rome, whatever the opinion of the other democratic parties. At that point Signor de Gasperi realised that the Vatican had openly taken sides in the contest. If he accepted their policy, the liberal wing of the party would crumble; if he did not, he would lose the support of the conservative Catholics. To prevent either disaster, he worked out a compromise. He approached old Luigi Sturzo, the founder of the party, a well-known anti-fascist and a most venerable figure, who had kept rather aloof from the struggle, and asked him to make himself the

spokesman of the Vatican's proposal. Sturzo accepted and declared himself ready to sponsor the proposal for a common list to be formed by all anti-communist parties. He reserved himself the right, however, to choose the representatives of the different parties to be put on the list. But once again Gedda could make no headway, for the Movimento Sociale Italiano tried to bargain and made conditions that Sturzo found unacceptable.

Thus Gedda's plan failed and the constitutional parties succeeded in joining forces to fight the elections on two fronts against the two extremes of right and left. But they fought from a position of weakness. For the negotiations had given Lauro a new importance, and his stand had made this wealthy shipbuilder into a national political figure.

Lauro's electoral success has indeed been remarkable. The monarchio-fascist alliance has won Naples and Bari and improved its position all over the south and even in Rome. The Communists have held their votes, but have lost control everywhere, because they did not get a majority; and the centre parties, on the whole, have done as badly as everyone expected. But the election results have by no means ended the struggle; it will, if anything be intensified in the coming year. The Christian Democrats have lost more than thirty-five per cent of their 1948 votes, but they are still the main axis around which Italian political life turns. They appeal to the electors both as a democratic force and as an upholder of religious faith. They are in a position to fight both extremes in the south, having their own paradise to offer to counter the red or the royal paradise.

At the moment the Christian Democrat leaders are not willing to make a shift from the centre left to the centre right; in fact it is not in the interests of the party to change its leaders in an election year. For that reason de Gasperi and his team will remain in power and an alliance between the Prime Minister and the Neo-Fascists is inconceivable; indeed de Gasperi has supported the Scelba law for outlawing the Neo-Fascists which is now being discussed in parliament; but he might attempt to split the alliance between the Neo-Fascists and the Monarchists, winning the support of the latter for the democratic government. This he might be forced to do in order to appease the right wing of his party and also to deprive Lauro of that aura of popular appeal which now surrounds him as leader of an important opposition. What the outcome of this would be is highly uncertain, and it is connected with the electoral system that is adopted next year. There is no doubt that de Gasperi will try to run the general election under the same system as has just been used for the local elections.

Hurdles on Prime Minister's Path

At the moment Lauro is left out of the negotiations which are taking place between the constitutional parties, and it is difficult to imagine the Social Democrats and the Republicans, who are important in northern and central Italy, accepting an electoral alliance with the Lauro Monarchists. But we might face the upsurge of the right-wing Christian Democrats who would be unwilling to run the risk of losing the general election by fighting against both Monarchists and Neo-Fascists as they have just done in Rome and in the south. I cannot go into too many details here. But from what I have said you can imagine how many hurdles there are along de Gasperi's path and why there may be a return to proportional representation, under which each party would fight the campaign alone, and the problem of alliances would arise only after the elections, according to the set-up in parliament. Proportional representation would be welcomed by the Communists, who have now virtually reached their limits of expansion and are clearly on the defensive. For they have come to realise that de Gasperi's policy, if energetically pursued, might lead the country towards betterment and towards social stabilisation. The electoral system as applied in the local elections has proved an effective weapon for curtailing their influence. Now the rise of the right seems to save the Communists from their impasse; the growing tensions and controversies between the centre and right are re-creating a situation of political fluidity, which plays nicely into the hands of Togliatti's party. It will require a high degree of statesmanship to cure the sickness on the right, close the widening rift between the two Italys, and consolidate the country around a democratic leadership.—From a talk in the Third Programme

The Year Book of World Affairs 1952, edited by George W. Keeton and Georg Schwarzenberger, is published under the auspices of the London Institute of World Affairs by Stevens at 35s. It contains articles on such subjects as 'Making Peace with Japan', 'Chinese Representation in the United Nations', 'The Anglo-Iranian Dispute', and 'The Council of Europe'. There are also a number of book reviews.

Towards an Armistice in the Cold War?*

By WALTER LIPPMANN

IT has often been said, I know, that America should in the twentieth century play the part which Great Britain played so brilliantly well in the nineteenth century. An American is bound to be very much aware that in one respect the analogy is imperfect. He is bound to wonder whether the United States can re-enact the role of Great Britain when there is no nation which can re-enact the role of the United States. More than a century ago Canning said that he had called in the new world to redress the balance of the old, and in 1917 the prophecy was fulfilled when Great Britain and France were able to draw upon the reserves of the United States.

Anxiety and Tension

But no nation can now play the part that we have played. There is no large, rich, and powerful nation with the same vital interests as our own and sharing our ideals, which could redress the balance in our favour if we became engaged in a war which we lack the power to finish. For us there can be no Wilson and no Roosevelt across the ocean. We have to shape our policies with the knowledge that there are no strategic reserves upon which we could draw if our plans miscarried. This may help to account for that element of anxiety and tension which pervades so much American thinking these days about foreign affairs.

We were on the right course, as I see it, during the war—specifically, between 1942 and 1945, in the period between Mr. Churchill's visit to Washington immediately after Pearl Harbour and until the death of Roosevelt and the defeat of Churchill in 1945. During those years we had a close partnership, one might call it an organic alliance, which managed the business of war and peace in the western world—managed it for what we have come to call the Atlantic Community. The Atlantic Community had its combined staffs, its combined boards, its unified commands, and perhaps most important of all its agreed diplomatic actions. The Atlantic Community had a foreign policy. For the purposes of the war, the Atlantic Community was what, for want of a better word, I shall call 'affiliated' with the U.S.S.R. The relation was certainly not a partnership. It was not really an alliance. It was a kind of co-belligerency among rival and not friendly Great Powers who, until they had been attacked by the same enemy, had just about managed to co-exist. The Atlantic Community was affiliated also with China—not much more intimately or candidly than with the Soviet Union.

These kinds and degrees of partnership, alliance and affiliation were not invented *a priori*. They grew out of the realities of our position and the necessities of the struggle. Our great mistake, I would say, is that we did not found our post-war policies upon these realities and necessities. They represented the true structure and relationship of power and interest in the world that we are living in. They showed that structure, not as it might have been designed in theory, but as experience was showing that structure to be. Had we done that, had we made the war-time structure of relations the foundation of the post-war system, had we made it plain before the war had ended that we were resolved that the Atlantic partnership was to continue and was to endure, then it would have been as the Atlantic Community, rather than as separate states, that we could have entered the post-war negotiations to make the peace treaties and to establish the United Nations.

Why we did not do this is a long and complicated story, and much of it is still obscure. But what I have been saying was proposed and pressed upon our governments. There were men on both sides of the ocean who argued that the Atlantic Community should be consolidated prior to a settlement with the Soviet Union about the future of Germany, prior even to the organisation of the United Nations. The proposals were rejected. They were held to be a departure from, they were held to be in conflict with, the principles of a universal society. In Mr. Hull's way of thinking, the mere notion of maintaining the Atlantic Community after the war was over, and of entering the United Nations as a community, was a vicious heresy, a violation of the

Wilsonian commandment against alliances, against spheres of influence, and against the balance of power.

In saying this, I should not like you to think that I think we have a monopoly of the mistakes that have been made. I am a visiting lecturer remembering his company manners. But perhaps I may say that I do not recall hearing any serious argument from this side of the Atlantic against the course we were both taking together. In any event, we took the course which dissolved the partnership that had been tested in the war. We agreed, with conviction on our side of the Atlantic certainly, to identify the international order with the existence of a universal society, composed, as we conceived it then, of theoretically equal and entirely separated national states. We plumped unsocially for what we may call the internationalism of the isolationists. In their conception of the world, when it is pure and ardent, when they have not been pushed into compromises with the hard substance of things, there are no legitimate entities between national states on the one hand and the universal society on the other, between the atom and the cosmos. The whole drift and impulse of their doctrine, moreover, is to make more and more national states out of the larger existing political units, to propagate new states by fission, and thus to populate the universal society with an ever increasing number of feeble governments.

That this plunge into unmitigated universalism was the wrong course to take in 1945 became clear in 1947 and 1948 when, finding it necessary to set up the Marshall Plan and the North Atlantic Security Pact, we turned back to the Atlantic Community. In doing that we were admitting that the post-war policy of 1945 had been a painful and a costly detour, and that we must now work our way back to the right road. But we are finding it harder to repair the error now. For now we are having to recreate our western partnership in defiance of, in the very teeth of, the Soviet Union. Had we never dissolved the Atlantic system, Stalin would have found himself dealing with us after the war as he had had to deal with us during the war. I do not say that he would have liked it, but at least he would have been rather more used to it, and certainly he would have had to respect it—to respect it at least as much as he respects it now that it has been revived in N.A.T.O.

Paramount Importance of the Atlantic Community

In any event, after the detour into universalism, we are now back on the main road, and I think I may say that increasingly our interests in the Atlantic Community are tending to be the crucial consideration of our foreign policy. The Korean war has brought an impressive demonstration of how the Atlantic Community has now become paramount in American military policy. In the controversy last spring between General MacArthur and the Chiefs of Staff, the deciding military reason for limiting the war to the Korean peninsula, for not expanding it into China, was that American strategic air power is not only committed to the defence of the Atlantic Community but that it cannot as a matter of technical procedure be employed except with the full and willing collaboration of Great Britain and France.

Until the great controversy over General MacArthur it was supposed by Congress, by the general public, by most soldiers, including of course General MacArthur himself, indeed even by most airmen, that because we had a stockpile of atomic bombs and the aircraft to carry them, strategic air power was a uniquely American weapon which could be governed by American decisions. The MacArthur controversy forced many who had taken all this for granted to study the situation closely and to listen, for the first time, to the serious and sober officials who had not hitherto been much in the limelight. It did not take them very long to prove conclusively that without the bases and facilities of our partners in western Europe the strategic air force would be like a high-powered automobile in a jungle country where there are no roads. I think it would be correct to say that General

(continued on page 999)

*Shortened version of the second of the Sir George Watson Chair lectures on 'Public Opinion and Foreign Policy in the United States', arranged by Sulgrave Manor Board, delivered in May in Oxford and Cambridge

The Listener

All communications should be addressed to the Editor of THE LISTENER, Broadcasting House, London, W.1. The articles in THE LISTENER consist mainly of the scripts (in whole or part) of broadcast talks. Original contributions are not invited, with the exception of poems and short stories up to 3,000 words, which should be accompanied by stamped and addressed envelopes. The reproductions of talks do not necessarily correspond verbatim with the broadcast scripts. Yearly subscription rates (including postage): inland and overseas, £1. Shorter periods, pro rata. Postage for single copies of this number: inland and overseas, 1½d. Subscriptions should be sent to the B.B.C. Publications Offices, 35 Marylebone High Street, London, W.1, or any newsagent.

Troublesome Boys

THE Man in the Street, that is to say the man who knows a little about a lot and is not afraid to air his opinions, is, one fancies, inclined to hold strong views on the question of juvenile delinquency. He is likely to think that young rogues from bad homes deserve birching, and he probably suspects that psychiatrists are the flies in that ointment. A sense of proportion may be obtained by studying the work of a school where boys committed for training in an Approved School are observed and classified before being passed on. A 'workshop notebook', describing the activities of such a school, has now been published*, based on experiences in handling more than 5,000 boys between the ages of eight and seventeen who have passed through it during the last ten years. This, classifying school, named Aycliffe—a former camp for women war workers off the Great North Road, called by its present inmates 'Cardboard City'—concerns itself with delinquents (mostly petty thieves) from some of the northern counties, and the analysis of its work is unique.

On one question the Man in the Street is right in his views. The bulk of the boys examined certainly come from unhappy homes, where parents are divorced or separated, or they are illegitimate. They crave sympathy: 'a crime and happiness are like oil and water; they have never been known to mix'. There is little wrong with the physique of the majority of the boys. On cross-country running their performances are outstanding, and Approved Schools are able to produce impressive gymnastic displays. On the other hand, the boys' education and level of intelligence is invariably low. At the time of the General Election only one or two of the boys knew the names of the main political parties; and on the other hand scarcely any knew the names of the first three teams in the first division of the Football League or the names of more than a couple of players in the Test teams. Sport has not been their pastime. The cinema is their way of escape:

Our boys are inveterate cinema-goers, says the report. On a week's home leave it is no uncommon thing to find a boy has been ten times... The fact that delinquents go frequently to the cinema is, obviously, no indication that going to the cinema necessarily causes delinquency... There is, however, a tendency nowadays to rely overmuch on mechanical entertainment which has reached such a pitch of intensity and power that it makes people punch-drunk.

As to birching, 'boys coming to us seem to expect it, though in our opinion it rarely has much lasting effect one way or the other and we avoid it as much as possible'. But birching is not avoided because it is the habit of Approved Schools to depend on the psychiatrist. Psychiatric treatment, it appears, is more talked about than practised. For one thing the facilities are inadequate; for another the low level of intelligence among juvenile delinquents makes it impossible for them to share consciously in such a treatment; and in any case the psychiatrists themselves are often 'queer fish', capable of putting off rather than winning the confidence of disturbed working-class boys. The report also observes that psychiatrists are liable to put off magistrates. Consequently psychiatrists are employed chiefly to advise about the mentally defective, and about boys who are thought unlikely to respond to the normal training given in Approved Schools. But basically, the problem comes back to the home. Neither the modern doctor nor the old priest is judged a substitute for the good parent. 'It is sometimes urged', says the author of the report, 'that intensive religious training should be applied to combat juvenile delinquency'. To this he retorts: 'But a boy cannot begin to understand the Fatherhood of God if he doesn't know what is meant by fatherhood'.

* *Approved School Boys*. By John Gittins. H.M. Stationery Office. 4s.

What They Are Saying

Broadcast comments on war or peace in Korea

THE VISIT OF LORD ALEXANDER and Mr. Selwyn Lloyd to Korea was the main subject discussed by commentators last week.

According to Moscow radio, one of the secret purposes of the British mission was probably to discuss the excision of the Korean war. Moscow broadcasts in English spoke of the 'growing uneasiness in Britain about the general situation in Korea' and the unlikelihood that Britain would have any voice in a final settlement, or, if she did participate, it would 'not even be worth talking about', since Mr. Selwyn Lloyd had shown himself 'eager to support everything done by the Americans', including their 'ruthless behaviour' in the Kojé prisoner of war camps. The British press had expressed 'obvious anxiety over the fact that Britain would have to share responsibility for the atrocities perpetrated by the Americans against the prisoners'. A Moscow broadcast in Korean gave the following description of General Mark Clark:

This Yankee, with a tiny head at the end of a long neck connected to a skinny body, has already made himself infamous as a breaker of promises and a manslaughterer widely known to the whole world.

Peking broadcasts alleged that the 'large-scale slaughter of prisoners' was one of the reasons why General Harrison had imposed the three-day interruption of the talks, 'a rude provocation which is absolutely impermissible in negotiations between two parties of equal status'. General Harrison, it was alleged, had 'fled from the conference table to escape the grim facts' that American troops, with bayonets, grenades, tear gas, and tanks, had 'charged on defenceless men and women prisoners... deprived of their rations for many days... stripped them of their clothing—including two women—and herded them into new cages'. The broadcast added that a great surprise awaited Washington 'if the war planners believe that arrogant threats and provocative action in breaking off the conference can make the Korean and Chinese delegates accept their blood-soaked proposals'.

From the U.S.A. the *New York Herald Tribune*, after supporting the proposal that the Kojé camps should be visited by a five-nation neutral commission, was quoted for the following comment:

There should be no attempt by army headquarters to cover up its own early ineptness in administering the Kojé Island prison camps... The later developments on the islands, coming to the notice of the whole world, demonstrated a humiliating lack of firmness and responsibility by army commands. Yet it was all on the side of laxity and leniency, not brutality or illegality. This country has nothing it should want to conceal, not even errors of stupidity among army authorities.

From Australia, the *Adelaide Advertiser* expressed the opinion that the whole screening process of prisoners should be considered:

The proposal has already been made that the screening should be left to an international commission, preferably under the auspices of the Red Cross. If this could be done now, it might save a way through a situation which is producing Communist martyrs on Kojé Island, and keeping the truce talks hopelessly deadlocked. The Communists might, of course, refuse to recognise the right of any commission to review the screening, just as they refused to allow the Red Cross to investigate the allegations of germ warfare. But there would certainly be nothing to lose in accepting the risk.

Another Australian newspaper, the *Melbourne Age*, was among the many voices in the free world raised in protest against the dictatorial methods of Mr. Syngman Rhee. It was quoted as saying:

If the blood of U.N. forces in Korea has to be sacrificed for a principle in which the free nations of the world resolutely believe, then the price of their blood is too dear if sacrificed for political acrobatics of the kind now practised by Mr. Syngman Rhee. Two years of war in Korea have shown clearly that in an ideological war involving the Communists in Asia, much more is required than the mere strengthening of positions, accumulation of fresh arms, and appeals to those who treasure liberty. That may have succeeded in the west where political liberty has taken precedence over all other needs, but new ideas are needed as well for Asia.

Thought for the week from Russia: Professor Stepanyan observed in a Home Service lecture: 'When communism becomes victorious on a world scale... the consciousness of the people will be free from religious prejudices and, as such, will serve as a weapon for the transformation of the world'.

Did You Hear That?

TWENTIETH-CENTURY ABORIGINES

FOR SEVEN YEARS, DR. DONALD THOMSON, an anthropologist from the University of Melbourne, lived amongst the last of the nomadic hunters of northern Australia. Describing their camp life in a recent Home Service talk he said: 'The first thing you will notice in such a camp is that each family, consisting of the man and his wife or wives and their children, lives as a self-contained unit within the camp. It has its own separate fire around which its members sleep and cook their food, and in which logs of wood, their ends projecting outwards, are kept smouldering. At the height of the dry season the shelters may be reduced to semi-circular wind-breaks of bark, or even to mere barriers of grass or boughs as a protection from the keen wind. But during the wet season quite elaborate houses of several types are used. Some of these are raised high on stilts so that fires can be lighted under them to drive off the mosquitoes which harbour in incredible numbers in the long grass. Other types of houses are large beehive-shaped structures, inside which smoke fires are lighted, and the smoke allowed to escape through a hole in the roof.'

'By sunrise the people are all awake. They sit around their fires, stir or fan them into a blaze and huddle close together in the chill air. Unlike the white man, the aborigines do not eat breakfast, but if any food, such as kangaroo or wallaby meat, fish or vegetable food, should be left over from the previous day, they will eat this either cold or after roasting it in the ashes. Soon after they wake, the men make ready their spears, and sling over their shoulders a small basket or bag of a special type, called in Arnhem Land *bati mindirr*. This contains fire sticks, a smoking pipe or two, odds and ends of fibre and string neatly rolled, resin or gum, beeswax, scrapers and graving tools, and the materials used for preparing spears and other weapons. Singly, or in small groups the men begin to leave camp for the day's hunting.'

'The women generally work separately, for the division of labour between the sexes is well marked, except when the people are hunting in family groups or are engaged in communal enterprises such as fish drives. Throughout the day, whether they are searching for vegetable food or game, or travelling to a distant camp site, the people are always on the look-out for food—for "goannas" or monitor lizards, snakes, bandicoots, opossums or other small animals, and especially for "sugar bag" or wild honey and for any small game that they or their dogs may chance to find. Usually it is nearly sundown when the people reach camp. This is the period of greatest activity. Each family is busy at its own fireside, the women preparing food for their husbands and children, the children watching their mothers eagerly as they work. The aborigine has no gardens, no agriculture and no domestic animals except his half-wild hunting ally, the dingo. He has no settled village life and, except at certain restricted seasons, no permanent camps. He knows nothing of pottery. The men use spears for hunting game, and the women employ simple digging sticks called "yam" sticks, made of very hard wood pointed at one or both ends and hardened by fire, and used both for food gathering and in the hand to hand fights in which women sometimes engage.'

'As for the physical appearance of these people, they are of medium stature, a little short of the average white man in height, but their

bodies are lithe and strong, well proportioned, the torso powerful, with a deep chest. The limbs, especially the forearm and lower leg, are relatively longer and more slender than in the white man. The hands, in spite of much hard work, are fine and slender, more sensitive and less coarse, than the hands of many Europeans. The jaws and the neck muscles are so strong that they are often used as vices or clamps in the making of spears, and I have seen a hunter stoop down and raise in his teeth a big kangaroo, so heavy that he was unable to lift it off the ground in his arms. The figure is beautifully balanced, the carriage graceful, and a young warrior poised for action is unforgettable.'

'DE-RATISATION'

JAMES FISHER, talking about London rats and their habits, in 'Woman's Hour' said about the black rat, 'Its prominent and successful position in central London is in contradiction to the popular view that it was quite driven out by the other rats. In London, both black rats and brown ones are still a serious menace to health, and to our food supplies. "Oh yes, of course", people say, "the docks" . . . I think it is very likely that there are fewer rats in the docks than in any other part of London.'

'Did you know that all ships entering London have to have a magic document called a de-ratification certificate? They are boarded by a doctor, and if they have not got one they have to pay for an expensive de-ratification, which usually involves battenning down and fumigating the whole ship with cyanide gas, which is extremely effective but somewhat costly. Ships and warehouses are much easier to control for rats, than offices and flats and theatres and the usual kind of buildings in central London; where every other house belongs to different people, it is not nearly so easy to run a campaign, though all the London boroughs have highly trained and efficient rat staffs; rat killers with modern techniques of baiting and poisoning (except of course you must not call them rat killers or rat catchers any more—they are rodent operatives to you).'

'There is one mammal that is more common in London than anywhere else in Britain, a creature which is still usually called the black rat, though some are a rabbit-brown colour and

some have light-coloured bellies and some are actually black. The old black rat looks really quite different from the brown rat, although sometimes he may be the same colour. He is much more athletic, with a much longer tail in proportion to his body, and much bigger ears. The brown rats are not afraid of cold or water, swim very well, and often start up new infestations via the sewage system. Black rats will not look at that. They hate water, and cannot stand as much cold. But they are far better climbers than brown rats. Although they have not got suckers on their feet or anything like that, they claw their way up vertical wooden beams, swing themselves cleverly under cross beams, often leaving tell-tale smears under the ceiling as they do so'.

WHAT IS EFRU?

Our correspondent in Rome reported recently on a plan that is now being considered for building up resources of food to be used in an emergency in any part of the world. The Council of the Food and Agriculture Organisation is examining the proposal and the body which would undertake it is called the Emergency Food Reserve Unit, EFRU



Aborigines fishing with spears and blades in Northern Queensland

for short. 'One EFRU', our correspondent explained, 'is defined as the quantity of food required to supplement the diet of 1,000,000 people by 1,200 calories a day for one month. To take an example, the Bengal famine of 1943 involved 6,000,000 people for over six months, and would, therefore, on this basis, have required the supply of thirty-six EFRUs at least. The suggested composition of one EFRU is 7,000 metric tons of cereals, 1,500 tons of pulses and 500 tons each of dried skimmed milk, hydrogenated oil, and sugar'.

HOUSING PROBLEMS IN VENICE

A project for filling up some of the Venetian lagoons to give additional space for building new houses is being considered by a special commission. Discussing this in 'Radio Newsreel' CHRISTOPHER SERPELL said, 'The terms of reference for this commission lay down that such a project should be planned so that it does not impair the beauty of the old city and, at the same time, does not disturb the water system of the lagoons or alter the water level. While this government initiative will be welcomed by many Venetians, there are others who may raise objections. For one of the other most urgent problems confronting the City Fathers of Venice is the stability of the old city itself. When it was first founded in the sixth or seventh century by refugees fleeing from barbarian invaders, its first buildings were constructed on little islands and sandbanks, but as these became filled up the city was expanded into the shallow waters of the lagoon by having buildings added on foundations of wooden piles driven into the sea floor. And it is largely on these wooden foundations that its architectural riches of churches and palaces have stood throughout the centuries.

'These wooden piles are now giving way, and although they can be replaced by more modern concrete foundations it is an extremely difficult and expensive task without disturbing the architectural masterpieces that stand above them. The damage wrought by time and sea water has been accelerated recently by the introduction of motor craft, which keep the water in the canals disturbed and seriously increase the threat to the stability of the ancient buildings.

'There are strict regulations imposing speed limits on motor boats and steam ferries, but these are only palliatives. Consequently, the civic authorities of Venice have been pressing for some time for a very large government subsidy in order to begin wholesale engineering works to ensure Venice against collapse. They argue that Venice's wealth today and her value as an asset to Italy depend entirely on her survival as a tourist centre, and that it is worth any money to ensure such survival. Consequently, they are apt to view the expenditure of government money on modern housing projects as of secondary importance and to say that the safeguarding of antiquities should come first'.

THE FIRST POLICE DETECTIVE?

ERNEST DUDLEY, the expert on detective fiction, in a recent Home Service talk told the story of Sir John Fielding, the eighteenth-century blind magistrate, half-brother of the famous novelist, Henry Fielding. 'Besides founding the Bow Street runners, who were the blue-print, so to speak, for today's Scotland Yard, John Fielding', he said, 'must have been one of London's most fabulous characters during the latter half of the eighteenth century. He was certainly our first real-life police detective. When you take into account that John Fielding was totally blind, his genius for police-work is all the more staggering.

'Born in Dorset in 1721, he was about nineteen when he was blinded as the result of some mysterious accident. All that he had to say about it

was: "It was an accident which everyone but myself deemed a misfortune, but the rational delights of reflection, contemplation and conversation soon made me insensible of any loss I had suffered from the want of sight". These words are the key to this remarkable man's character.

'On August 29, 1751, he became a magistrate at Bow Street, in place of his brother, Henry, whose health was failing. Up till this time many of the magistrates had been corrupt. One of the blind magistrate's predecessors used to boast he picked up a thousand a year in bribes. If these magistrates were lazy and corrupt, so were the thief-takers they hired to serve them. They were paid by results. For instance, a highwayman was worth £40, plus his horse, pistols and money to the officer who nabbed him. Obviously a crooked thief-taker would encourage the petty criminal to grow more ambitious, until in the slang of the underworld, he "weighed forty pounds". John Fielding's Bow Street runners changed all this. Their one object was to rid London of crime. When they were first formed, in 1754, there were only six runners, described by Fielding as: "Men of tried courage, and the moment any of them commits an act, either of cruelty or injustice, he is immediately discharged from the office of thief-taker and never admitted again".

'Fielding himself was as much a detective as a magistrate. His formula for success was "quick notice and sudden pursuit". His men, in their red waistcoats, quick off the mark, were the forerunners of the Flying Squad. Fielding had not only to overcome the Englishman's instinctive hatred of paid policemen, but also to convince the public to regard his officers as trustworthy friends in need. One vital step in his conquest of crime was his advertisements in London's leading newspaper, calling attention to stolen property. Pawnbrokers were forewarned of any stolen goods they might be offered, so that the police could be informed. Today the *Police Gazette*, circulated privately to pawnbrokers and jewellers, achieves exactly the same purpose. Convinced that the general public should know what went on in his court, John Fielding also took the unheard-of step of allowing journalists into Bow Street.

'As Justice of the Peace, John Fielding was first and foremost a policeman. His job was to catch the criminal before he could try and sentence him. In his role of detective he often put in a personal appearance at the scene of the crime. In December, 1763, for instance, Lord Harrington's house was robbed of £3,000. The "Blind Beak", assisted by one of his men, detected footprints, chisel-marks on a bureau and other clues revealing it to be an inside job, faked to look like an outside one. Suspicion fell on Lady

Harrington's pet footman. Questioning him, John Fielding deduced he was being framed and unmasked another manservant as the thief. He was forced by his blindness to develop his other senses—hearing, touch, smell—to an astonishing degree. The faintest tremor in the voice of a lying witness, the size of a foot's imprint in a muddy path, the too-expensive perfume used by a blackmailing little *cocotte*—all were clues which enabled the blind detective to pounce on the guilty party.

'With only occasional breaks he passed almost every day for nearly thirty years in the evil-smelling, disease-laden air of his court. Of his life's work he said, "Duty obliges me to live with the refuse of creation . . . my station full of difficulties, full of perplexities, full of dissatisfaction". However, the never-ending procession of the underworld's riff-raff was often enlivened by the appearance of more exotic creatures. George Barrington, for example, that beguiling picaroon and prince of pickpockets, practised his Irish eloquence in vain upon John Fielding. Casanova, roué and trickster, was bound over at Bow Street for threatening to cane a pretty girl into submission—one of the great lover's more sordid and least successful escapades'.



Sir John Fielding, when he was Chairman of Westminster Quarter Sessions, after the painting by W. M. Peters, R.A., in 1778

All History is Contemporary History

By MICHAEL GRANT

IT is just half-a-century since the publication of the first of the four volumes of Benedetto Croce's *Philosophy of the Spirit*. In the second volume he has something to say about history. The fourth volume was devoted entirely to this subject. Its title is *On the Theory and History of Historiography*. It was first published in Germany in 1915, and collects together articles originally printed two or three years earlier.

Near the beginning of this fourth volume Croce argues that 'all history is contemporary history'. I want to have a look at this statement, not from the point of view of the philosopher but from that of the student of history. It is made clear that the statement has to be understood in its most rigorous, outrageous sense. Croce wants to stress the historian's total and necessary inability to abstract himself from his own environment. 'Do you want', he asks, 'to understand the true history of a neolithic man? Then try, if you can, to become a neolithic man in your own mind'. It is no good just having traces or documents. Without the historian's mind, he says, they are just dead, unhistorical lumber—'pseudo-history'. True history for him resides in the knowing mind, not in the events known. History is not something we have, he says, it is something we are—something we are doing. We do not leave our past outside and behind us. We carry it with us. So *ogni vera storia e storia contemporanea*—all history is contemporary history.

The Two Meanings

Croce is sometimes accused of playing on the two meanings of history, history as past events, and history in the sense of historical thinking and its adjunct historiography. But when he is accused of this I do not suppose he cares. Because he regards the embodiment of the two meanings in the one word as symbolising perfectly a real inseparable unity. Here he is the follower of Hegel, and the forerunner of Giovanni Gentile and in our own country of R. G. Collingwood and Michael Oakshott. For man, they feel, 'has no past unless he is conscious of having one': that is to say, past events are utterly dead and gone without the efforts of the contemporary historian.

But here a little more definition of terms seems necessary. Croce gives the word 'contemporary' a meaning we might not expect. Here he is far from any ambiguity or inexactness; he uses the word in the most austere sense possible, as the momentary, immediate present in which the act of historical reconstruction takes place. He is prepared to admit, for purely practical purposes, our loose phrase 'contemporary history' to indicate the history of a number of recent years, but in this statement that I am discussing his definition is much more rigorous. Gentile, though differing from him in other respects, is with him about this. They are both very conscious of the instantaneous, unenduring character of the present. They think of it as being ceaselessly engulfed by the past 'so that it melts and falls away before our eyes'. The present is always dying as it is born. It is less than a split second and always changing. It is no use, they say, regarding it as a fixed point or even a series of fixed points.

So clearly the relation of past and present is very intimate, and what provides this relation, according to Croce and Gentile, what unites past and present, is human thought—mind. Mind is the true reality, say they; they are comprised by that highly inconvenient term 'idealism', which is, of course, applied to all systems of thought in which reality is held to consist of mind and ideas. Croce conceives mind as activity—'mind is what it does'.

There is no doubt at all that this philosophic idealism raises barriers to his recognition as a historical thinker, because many historians are not prepared, in this sense, to be idealists, and indeed they do not see why they should be bothered with the whole matter at all. Many of Croce's conclusions about history become easier to understand when we consider his philosophical pedigree. There are certain things that he has inherited and certain other things that he is reacting against. Much in his idealism goes back to Locke, and Berkeley, and Hegel. Hegel too had maintained that the only reality was conscious experience, and Croce, despite many other reservations, regards Hegel as one of his

forerunners, just as, he says, Christ, Buddha, or Kant were forerunners too. And he adds that before anyone takes a less respectful view of Hegel, let them read what he says—and not every historian will want to take up that challenge!

Hegel had insisted that history was inseparably connected with philosophy. He used the phrase 'philosophy of history'. This is a topic which is alien and suspect to most British people. One good reason for suspecting it is that the phrase can mean several entirely different things; when two people are discussing it they rarely use it in quite the same sense as one another. What Hegel meant by 'philosophy of history', in Collingwood's opinion, is 'history raised to a higher power—history not merely ascertained as so much fact but understood by apprehending the reasons why the facts happened as they did'.

Hegel's view enjoyed enormous authority, and Croce's book *On the Theory and History of Historiography* had started off as a book on the philosophy of history in the Hegelian sense. But it ended as something different. Because Croce came to feel very unhappy about this business of history being raised to a higher power, of its reasons being apprehended outside itself. In fact he did not like history having an *a priori* set of rules attached to it as a presupposition. Some say that he has not done Hegel justice; but, be that as it may, what Croce came to feel was that Hegel's history just had a sort of ready-made philosophy *appliqué* on top of it. Croce says, in his book about Hegel, that this 'is just as if a painter or musician when he had completed his picture or his score were told to consign it to the philosophers, so that they might raise it to the second power by introducing into it strokes of the philosophic brush, and philosophic harmonies'.

He calls this faulty because it brings in a *deus ex machina* to interfere with historical thought. Such an idea 'tolls the bell for the death of the history of historians'. So Croce cannot live with Hegel, he says, any more than he can live without him. However, Croce's solution is by no means to divorce history from philosophy altogether. His solution is to bring them much closer still. He takes a broad, unprofessional view of philosophy—'we philosophise whenever we think'. But philosophy for him means something rather unexpected. It is not concerned with abstractions. He says that is the business of science: philosophy is concerned for him with concrete individual facts. And these facts in his view only exist in so far as the historian is able, by his intuition, to revive or relive them. So by these definitions history and philosophy do come very close together indeed. In fact they clearly come to differ in methods only; they become aspects of the same thing. And so to Croce history is philosophy itself.

Un-British Philosophising?

To those who are not philosophers and are not sure whether they ought to accept such definitions or not, this is all rather alarming. And in Britain even the idealist philosophers do not altogether like it. Michael Oakshott has protested that history, being only one aspect of experience, cannot be identified with philosophy. He has felt that historians in fact either cannot or do not live up to the Crocean timelessness, so that historical thinking is not truly rational, in fact not truly philosophical. Collingwood at one stage came quite near to Croce's view, but earlier he had very acutely suggested that this special exaltation of history was merely because there had been a recent boom in this subject—just as earlier successes in the natural sciences had led to similar attempts to extend their methods too to other subjects. There is rather a feeling that this philosophising of history is un-British. The English idealist, Bradley, had to some extent anticipated Croce; and Bradley had come in for some rough handling which helped to turn his historical compatriots right away from such philosophical approaches to history. A huge majority of British historians always prefer to agree with G. N. Clark that 'we work with limited aims. We try to find out the truth about this or that, not about things in general'.

At least in one way, however, Croce does limit the aims of history, for he often seems to limit its subject matter. He finds the sort of

concrete, individual fact which he calls the material of history and philosophy in human beings and human institutions. 'There is no history', he says, 'except human history'. One big reason why he entitled an article 'Why we cannot help calling ourselves Christians' is because Christianity has done much to stress the possibilities of human beings. It is very easy to see why, when his great work on history appeared nearly forty years ago, intelligent young Italians felt a profound enthusiasm for this emphasis on the potentialities of the human mind. It looked to them like the only route of escape from a dilemma which many of them found very uncomfortable. It seemed unsatisfactory that one had to be either a transcendental idealist, as Hegel had (perhaps involuntarily) become, or a Marxist materialist. Croce provided a third choice—as one might say today, he provided a revelation neither from the right nor from the left. As regards the left, Croce's final reaction to Marxism was very like that of many other intellectuals. He was deeply impressed by the new region of historical data which Marx brought to notice, and by what he called Marx's new 'canon of interpretation'. But Croce will not have historical materialism as an all-embracing dogma. In 1938 he remarked it was too emotional, and also, he said, it was offensive to the dignity of the human soul.

When he talks of the human soul in this way, he is speaking as the heir of the Italian Renaissance, and he has very aptly been called the last Renaissance man. Indeed Croce himself claims that his historical doctrine, his 'historicism' as he perhaps rather embarrassingly calls it, goes straight back to Renaissance humanism; it brings it up to date, he says, by freeing it from its specifically literary associations. With this continuity in mind, he and Gentile, like Michelet, called special attention to their humanist forerunner, Giambattista Vico. He too was an Italian, from Naples, but it is unfair to attribute Croce's interest in him to purely nationalist motives. Vico anticipated Croce by relating history to mind rather than matter and by asserting that for this reason history is the true and peculiar realm of man. According to Croce, Vico asserted that men know history because it was men who made it: God acts upon humanity, but by means of it. And for a still earlier and apparently indiscreet adumbration of this humanism it seems that Giordano Bruno went to the stake in 1600. And even in 1600 'Know thyself' was a saying over 2,000 years old.

Liberty—the Typical Activity of Man

Humanism has often been accompanied by a belief in progress, but on this subject there have been certain misconceptions about Croce's view. These misconceptions were partly caused by the translation in 1941 of a book of Croce's (originally published in Italian three years earlier) under the title *History of Liberty*. As Professor John Baillie confirms, Croce's views on the reality of human progress are far from easy to understand or define. Croce is much more concerned with the rather different idea of *development*, which chiefly relates to the constant, ever-renewed activity and responsibility of the human mind. He might perhaps agree with H. A. L. Fisher that 'the fact of progress is written plain and large on the page of history; but progress is not a law of nature'. Croce insists that we must not argue from the laws of natural evolution to historical progress. If we humans fall below our task, 'no kindly law of nature', he says, 'will save us from the fruits of our ignorance'. The existentialists say that 'man has to assume himself', and Croce too has his way of saying it is up to us. When he talks about 'liberty', that is what he very often has in mind. In 1942—when discussions of the subject were rather courageous—he wrote that liberty is the typical activity of man himself; man is by *definition* free.

Man is free to know himself, and to think, and there is no history unless he does so. And so it is that Croce's humanism leads to that strongly subjective view of history represented by the statement which I am discussing: all history is contemporary history. This assertion owes something to Bradley, who had pointed out some decades earlier that critical history must have a criterion, and that this criterion can only be the historian himself. A similar view was elaborated by Gentile, who stressed that mind is both knower and known, and used the term 'self-consciousness' to comprise under one title both these functions. All this stress on subjectivity has not been popular, at any rate in Britain. G. N. Clark speaks for many when he insists that there is, always, 'a hard core of facts, however much it may be concealed by the surrounding pulp of disputable interpretation'. Here, of course, is the fundamental issue regarding Croce's pronouncement. Most historians believe in this core of facts, Croce does not. Are there really such things as definite historical facts, past events, or not? Take that neolithic man, whom Croce said we all ought to become in our

own minds if we are to understand his true history. Croce's opponents have pointed out that we have today bones of neolithic men which show signs of certain diseases. The bones, they say, show us the historical fact objectively from outside our minds, and if we are to assimilate this it is not enough just to perform an act of intuitive insight and imagine that we ourselves are a neolithic pelvis. But Croce would presumably answer that these bones are mere unsuggestive lumber unless and until the present-day student's mind sees and revivifies their message, that is to say makes it into history.

The idea of 'rethinking' has come in for some damaging criticism lately from Professor Ryle, but in certain respects it becomes harder to budge Croce from his position if one realises that when he speaks of history he is using the term more widely than we usually do; he is including in it the history of art, philosophy, and science. Personally, I feel that in *practice* it makes any historian's task very hard if he has to try to blend all these subjects into his picture. But that is what Croce means by 'history', and in such intellectual and aesthetic subjects it is rather more difficult to argue confidently that there is this hard core of facts or events. I do not think that much is gained by just taking sides on this issue. Granted that the two sides are philosophically incompatible, and regard themselves as such. But, as Cicero was fond of pointing out, philosophies that seem incompatible often prove each to contribute something useful to the non-philosopher.

Benedetto Croce versus G. N. Clark

Among British historians the support which Croce's and Clark's attitudes receive is probably something like five per cent. and ninety-five per cent. respectively. I am inclined to believe that the support ought to be spread just a little more evenly. By this I mean that Croce has pointed out once and for all that historians cannot help being subjective, and even if we do not accept his view that they are *wholly* subjective there is something thoroughly salutary about this reminder. It cannot be emphasised enough that even the very greatest historical writings are full of bias—bias due to temperament, environment, nationality and social position. Indeed, without this bias there can be no history at all. But what happens with extraordinary frequency—I have heard it said that ancient historians are the worst offenders but I do not know how far this is true—is that historical writers are crammed with these biases but unaware that they are. And then one has work that is haphazardly irrational, emotional, feeble.

It has been suggested that all the historian can hope to do is to recognise his prejudices and guard against them. Or perhaps it would be better to say 'guide them', because, being human, we cannot guard against them altogether: we can only modify them—or cherish them. As Croce points out, we cannot be free of prejudice and passion, we are bound to write from some point of view, to back some cause. In this sense all history is contemporary history. If we face this, we shall then be on our guard, ready to detect what our bias is and so ready to guide and control it, instead of wallowing at its mercy. And it is only when historians are properly self-conscious about this that they become able to avoid sponsoring obsolete, stale points of view and backing causes that are, to say the least, tainted. This is no doubt only a part of what Croce intends, but in my opinion it is his most valuable contribution to history.—*Third Programme*

The annual report of the National Council of Social Service for 1950-51 contains a summary of the work of the Councils of Social Service, The National Old People's Welfare Committee, The National Citizens' Advice Bureaux, The National Federation of Community Associations, and various other organisations. It is well illustrated and the price is 1s. 6d. The summer number of *Social Service*, organ of the National Council of Social Service, has now been published at 2s. 6d. Among the articles are 'The Problem of the Young Chronic' by Cherry Morris, 'The Importance of Louis Braille' by J. de la Mare Rowley, and 'Old People's Welfare—Successes and Failures' by R. Huws Jones. The National Council of Social Service has also published recently a pamphlet on *The Family Today*, price 1s. 3d., which is intended to help study groups. The Friends Service Council has published *South Eastwards from London: A Record of 1951*, which deals in particular with the relief work of the Friends' organisations abroad. The Maes-yr-haf Settlement in Rhondda in South Wales has just celebrated its twenty-fifth anniversary. It gives an account of its work in *Maes-yr-haf, 1927-1952* (price 1s.), which was originally aimed at helping the miners after the failure of the General Strike in 1926. Although the cloud of unemployment has now lifted from the Rhondda Valley, the aim of Maes-yr-haf is to continue to serve those who are too old for employment, to help the disabled and to maintain its creative and educational work for the people as a whole.

Whales as an International Problem

By N. A. MACKINTOSH

WHEN we start hunting a population of wild animals—that is, wild animals as distinct from domesticated animals—there is an inherent risk of reducing that population. And experience shows that if the hunting is continued without control, then generally sooner or later the population will be reduced to a vestige of its former strength and the industry ceases. There are plenty of examples of this from the past. A large population of Antarctic fur seals, for example, was practically wiped out in the last century. This can well happen in the case of whales; in fact the Greenland whale in the Arctic was almost wiped out. The trouble is that, when these wild populations are much reduced, they seem to lose the power of recovering their numbers, even when they are left alone.

The hunting of whales became more dangerous to the whale population when it became a highly organised industry. Whaling, of course, used to be done with open boats and hand harpoons, but late in the last century the Norwegians invented the harpoon gun and the steam catcher, which revolutionised the industry, and its scope for catching whales was again very much increased about 1925 by the development of the pelagic factory ships, which are very large ships, capable of roaming over all the oceans with their small fleet of catchers, and of hunting whales wherever they can be found.

Clearly the ideal is to keep the hunting down to the level at which natural reproduction can replace the losses, and if possible to concentrate on hunting the whales which give the largest yield of products, and on those which can be removed with the least damage to the maintenance of the stock. But whales cannot be herded and counted and farmed like cattle and sheep, so the regulation of whaling is beset with difficulties, and since most whales are taken on the high seas by different nations, the regulation can only be done by international agreement. This is why an International Whaling Commission is needed.

Why do so many countries want to hunt whales, and what is the economic value of a whale? Its value lies mainly in the oil, which can be converted into edible fats. Then there is the meat. People have different opinions about whale meat, but personally I have found it very good, especially when it is cut from a freshly killed whale. There are various by-products also, such as fertilisers, vitamins and some drugs. For those who like figures, I could say that about 30,000 whales are taken each year in the Antarctic, and the oil amounts to about 2,000,000 barrels, worth about £35,000,000 at recent prices, though it is less than that just now. I once calculated, perhaps not very accurately, that you could get something like the equivalent of 300,000 helpings of roast beef



A whale-catcher, with two whales in tow, returning to a British factory ship in the Antarctic. Below: blue whales floating after they have been harpooned



from one whale; so there is also a vast potential supply of proteins.

It is hardly necessary for me to say that whales are mammals and not fish. Like other mammals they are warm blooded, they breathe air, and they feed their young on milk. But for living in the sea they have a fish-like shape, the body is insulated by a layer of fat (the blubber), they have a smooth skin, and the forelimbs are just paddles. It is an interesting fact though, that there are some small bones buried deeply in the flesh, which represent the remaining vestiges of hind legs, inherited from their land-living ancestors.

The first time I saw a whale was at a small whaling station in the Shetland Islands. A carcass of one about sixty feet long had been hauled out of the water, and my first impression was that it was beautifully streamlined, and looked rather more like a monstrous fish than I had really expected. But I noticed that unlike fish its tail flukes were horizontal and not vertical, and that, in fact, is a characteristic which distinguishes all whales from fish.

I ought just to mention the species which are most important for the whaling industry. There is the blue whale which is the biggest of all known animals, living

or extinct. It grows up to a maximum of about 100 feet, and at that length would weigh, I suppose, at least 175 tons. That is equivalent to about forty average-sized Indian elephants. Then there is the fin whale, which grows to about eighty feet or more and is much the commonest of the large whales, and the humpback, which is a shorter and fatter whale. These are all baleen whales—that is whales which have no teeth, but a kind of sieve for straining off the shoals of small shrimp-like crustaceans, on which they feed. There is only one large whale with teeth, and that is the sperm whale, which feeds on squid, and sometimes on very large ones.

The vast majority of whales killed nowadays are taken in the Antarctic, and one reason curiously enough, is that there is a much richer supply of food in cold seas than in the tropics; in winter, however, they migrate to warmer waters for the breeding season. Sperm whales on the other hand stay in the warmer seas, and it is only some of the fully grown males that migrate to the polar regions.

A Club Open to All Governments

To maintain the stocks of whales we need two things. First, we must have biological information about the whales themselves in order to make sensible and effective rules for whaling: and second, machinery for discussing and formulating these rules and for putting them into force. This is where the International Whaling Commission comes in. It collects the information and adjusts the regulations accordingly. There were international conferences before the war, when various rules for whaling were agreed upon; but the Commission resulted from the International Whaling Convention of 1946 which was signed in Washington. The Commission is a permanent body with an office in London; any government can join the club, as it were, and practically all governments with a large interest in whaling have done so. Every year the Commissioners and their advisers meet together to discuss whaling matters—as they did just recently.

The Commission is authorised to support, and even to undertake, research on whales and whaling, but its principal function lies in its authority to amend the schedule of regulations. Among the regulations now in force are certain limits to the whaling 'grounds' and to the open season, and the protection of young whales, females with calves, and some scarce species; but the most important one is an overall limit to the total annual catch in the Antarctic. At present this is fixed at roughly two-thirds of the average pre-war catch. This authority to amend the regulations really gives the Commission very wide powers. At the same time its decision is not final, because any such change has to be referred back to the contracting governments, who have a period of ninety days in which they can object. After that, if there is no objection, the decision becomes binding on all parties to the Convention.

The Washington Convention, which is the charter of the Commission, is written in concise legal style, and if you had a look at it you might find it rather dry reading; but if you picture to yourself the meaning behind it, it is anything but dull. Take a fairly typical sentence; Paragraph 5 of the Schedule reads, 'It is forbidden to use a factory ship or a whale catcher attached thereto for the purpose of taking or treating baleen whales in any waters south of 40 degrees South Latitude from 70 degrees West Longitude westward as far as 160 degrees West Longitude'. This means simply that nearly all that part of the Antarctic which lies to the south of the Pacific Ocean is a sanctuary for whales. And what does 'taking and treating' mean?

Stalking a Whale

Imagine yourself in a small steamship wallowing in the long swell of the Southern Ocean, with water sloshing about over the deck: perhaps there is an iceberg or two in sight. You see the spout of a whale two miles away, and the hunt begins; it may take an hour or more to end it. The whale spouts several times and then disappears for five or ten minutes, and you never know where it will come up again. A blue whale, for instance, is rather inclined to try evasive tactics, whereas a fin whale will often make off in a more definite direction trusting to its speed. However, a fin whale can usually be run down by the catcher, whereas if a fully grown blue whale went all out he would have a better chance of escaping. It becomes a game of hide and seek, then a wild chase, then more dodging around, and so it goes on. Eventually the whale makes a mistake and comes up within range. The gunner has about five seconds to take aim, and then the whale is harpooned. That is what is involved in taking a whale, and treating it may mean hauling a 100-ton carcass up a slipway on to the deck of a factory ship, cutting it

up and putting the blubber, flesh and bones into rows of boilers under the decks.

I should like to say a word about the methods of research which supply biological information. Investigations are carried out in several different countries. In Norway, for example, they make a special study of the statistics of catches, which helps us to judge the effect of whaling on the condition of the whale population. Various other lines of work are carried on there, and also in Canada, Australia, Holland, Japan and other countries. The work I have been associated with myself in this country was begun by the Discovery Committee and is now being continued under the National Institute of Oceanography. Among other things we study the breeding of whales, mainly by examining the carcasses in whaling factories, but one of the most valuable methods is to mark whales at sea to study their migrations and get a line on their age and growth. We have learnt quite a lot about their annual migrations, and the other day I got a couple of marks back which had been carried in whales for seventeen years. The method is to shoot a small numbered marker into the blubber and offer a reward for its return. It is a game in which one has all the excitement of stalking and chasing whales in a small ship, but without killing them. Then we have the research ship *Discovery II* which has made an oceanographical survey of all the Antarctic whaling grounds, and we are working on the results now. All this work leads to a kind of information which is helpful to the Commission. Quite a lot has been found out about the natural history of whales, but they are difficult animals to study, and we really do not know nearly enough yet.

In the meantime I think it can be said that the Commission has really got something done. At these meetings like the recent one we have free and candid discussions between the representatives of nations of the Commonwealth, Scandinavian and South American countries, Iceland, Russia, France, Japan, the Netherlands and the United States; and I suppose none of these nations has identical interests in whaling. Yet the Commission generally manages to find the way to unanimous agreement on restraint in the catching of whales. Perhaps the reason is that we have an issue which is essentially practical and clear-cut—the recognised need to take care of the stocks of whales.

—Home Service

Prometheus' Love Song

It was the time when the vulture left my heart

In cold December—

And I did not know which was my heart and which the rock—

But I remember

The echo of my breath in the streets' winter weather

When Kings' and Beggars', Lovers', Haters' breath is blown together
As by the wind of death:

' See that poor stick of bone

To which my body and my soul are nailed

As the Thief upon the Cross—

As I upon my rock—

Once she was the whole world's gain and loss!

She, the foul path I trod

From Chaos unto God:

What now is left? That crossroad stake thrust through the heart

And those poor rags of Heaven or of Hell—

Blown here, blown there, upon that stick of bone

And her tongue, a clacking bell

That speaks of Paradise.

But the grey ice

In which the world must end—such are her eyes.

Once I thought she would burn

My body and soul away

Like the last fire that seals the heart from all other loves . . .

The red night of the lovers' Judgment Day.

But then a stick upon Time's shore,

And broken by its wave—

Not even a spark to warm my hands

That poor stick gave.

EDITH SITWELL

—From 'New Soundings' (Third Programme)

-Samuel Butler—II

The Aura of the Victorian Vicarage

By GRAHAM HOUGH

SAMUEL BUTLER'S life almost exactly corresponds with Queen Victoria's reign, and one might describe him as the last of the great Victorian 'thinkers'. The thinker was a peculiarly nineteenth-century phenomenon—the man who thinks a great deal, but not on any particular subject or according to any particular discipline. He may have his own expertness, but that does not prevent his pronouncing on every other subject as well, choosing for preference those for which he has no qualifications. Ruskin lectures the economists, Carlyle belabours the political theorists, and Matthew Arnold puts the theologians right on the matter of God and the Bible. Carlyle sardonically recognised the situation when he made the hero of *Sartor Resartus*, Professor of Things in General at the University of Don't Know Where.

'Erewhon'—Eccentric Minor Masterpiece

I think all this was a very good thing. It is most desirable that men of great general powers should express themselves on subjects of common interest in which they are not professionally involved. If the thinker does not do much to put the world to rights, he can lay an enquiring finger on some of the places where it has gone wrong. And this is just what Butler aspired to do. 'Let me get a really strong position like that of Ruskin, Carlyle, or even Matthew Arnold, and I may be relied upon to give the public to the full as much as it will endure without rebellion'. So he wrote. But of course he never reached the strong position. Throughout his life he remained 'the author of *Erewhon*'—the only one of his books that ever had a reasonable sale. And *Erewhon* is a *jeu d'esprit*, an eccentric minor masterpiece, but too mixed in its aims to become the foundation of a doctrine. The thinker needs a doctrine. Of course he must share the great central worries of his time: one cannot command a very wide audience, for instance, by proving that the *Odyssey* was written by a girl. Yet for all his quirks Butler was, in fact, in the main stream. The great Victorian theme, endlessly recurring in fiction, pamphleteering, and verse, is where to find an ethic when the literal compulsions of Christianity are gone. And to this Butler applies himself with relentless assiduity. Like Arnold, he likes the Church as an institution though he does not like its dogmas. Like George Eliot, he has his moments of nostalgia for the unexciting and unaesthetic pieties of his boyhood: and the lament for their passing is one of the few affectionate passages in *The Way of All Flesh*.

Gone now are the clarinet, the violoncello and the trombone, wild minstrelsy as of the doleful creatures in Ezekiel, discordant, but infinitely pathetic. Gone is that scarebabe stentor, that bellowing bull of Bashan, the village blacksmith, gone is the melodious carpenter, gone the brawny shepherd with the red hair, who roared more lustily than all, until they came to the words, 'Shepherds with your flocks abiding', when modesty covered him with confusion, and compelled him to be silent, as though his own health were being drunk. . . . When I was last in Battersby Church . . . the high pews were gone, nay, the very gallery in which the old choir had sung was removed . . . and Theobald was old, and Christina was lying under the yew trees in the churchyard.

The aura of the vicarage clung around him all his life, however often he forswore it. Like Arnold, Butler abandoned Christian ethics, but remained soaked in pious formulas and Bible phrases. Arnold-tempered his Hebraism with Hellenism and made a kind of donnish stoicism of the mixture. Butler removed farther from Abraham's bosom, and an equally academic Epicureanism was the result. To be well-bred, well-off, good-looking, and young was the Butlerian ideal. And very nice too; but alas, we cannot help our looks, our fortune, or, in the long run, our age. So, as a moral code, this does not get us very far. As a positive ideal, however, it is all Butler has to offer: and by a deliberate perversion of Christian terminology he calls it grace. He saw it in the most varied places—in the rowing men of his Cambridge days: in Pauli, the seedy, attractive swindler who took him in for so many years; but most of all in Italy, where he spent his holidays. And it was Italy that inspired that strange passage in *Life and Habit* on grace and law, full of Pauline terminology but twisted, rather pathetically, I think, to his own purpose:

And Grace is best; for where grace is, love is not distant. Grace, the old Pagan ideal, whose charm even unlovely Paul could not withstand; but as the legend tells us, his soul fainted within him, and his heart misgave him, and standing alone on the seashore at dusk, he troubled heaven with his bootless cries, his thin voice pleading for grace after the flesh.

The waves came in one after another, the sea-gulls cried together after their kind, the wind rustled among the dried canes on the sand-banks, and there came a voice from heaven saying 'Let my grace be sufficient for thee'. Whereon, failing of the thing itself, he stole the word and strove to crush its meaning to the measure of his own limitations. But the true grace, with her groves and high places, and troops of young men and maidens crowned with flowers, and singing of love and youth and wine—the true grace he drove out into the wilderness.

It is almost like Pater: and Butler, to whom, as to Pater, grace after the flesh had been denied, must have troubled deaf heaven with a good many bootless cries before he wrote these lines. It is not his usual vein; it tells too much of the truth about himself. Yet he liked to imagine that the difference between himself and the church people was, as he put it, more of words than things. Often, of course, it was; there is not a great deal in *Erewhon* to put Butler on the far side of Broad Churchmanship. The worship of Ydgrun, the Musical Banks? But surely the wisdom of the children of this world, the outward observances of the Pharisees, have been the target of Christian satire in all ages. 'Difference more of words than things'. No, in general it is the exact contrary; Butler is using the same words for very different things—how different we can see from some of his private notes:

There will be no comfortable and safe development of our social arrangements—I mean we shall not get infanticide and the permission of suicide, nor cheap and easy divorce—till Jesus Christ's ghost has been laid; and the best way to lay it is to be a moderate churchman.

It is perhaps not an accident that the first two reforms that occur to Butler are directed towards death.

'The Way of All Flesh'—a Touch of Mrs. Humphry Ward

But I am dealing too much in general terms. Let us have a look at Butler's most celebrated performance, *The Way of All Flesh*, at rather closer quarters. It struck me on re-reading it that it is in the first place an example of that familiar Victorian kind—the tale of clerical life gone wrong; the novel about the man who lost his faith. There is more than a touch of *Robert Elsmere* about *The Way of All Flesh*, though Butler would doubtless have been most incensed at being compared to Mrs. Humphry Ward. But how well he knows his way about the damp and weed-grown paths of the Victorian ecclesiastical garden; the old high-and-dry Church; Tractarianism victorious in decay; the slightly fetid Evangelical fervour; *Vestiges of Creation* in 1842; *Essays and Reviews* in 1860: this is Butler's home ground; and the reader of nineteenth-century memoirs will recognise every inch of it. On the plane of social realism this is far the best thing in the book, and Butler seems unwilling to leave it. Long after Theobald has ceased to be the central figure of the novel, the changing shades of his Anglicanism are carefully recorded.

But it is primarily a novel about family life; and here it seems to me to have been immensely overrated. Butler's pathological hatred of parenthood, and an almost equal hatred of marriage, distort all the personal relations of the book. Theobald, the hero's father, is always a poor creature; so long as he is merely a son he is rather to be pitied than detested. But as soon as he comes within range of the bare possibility of being a father—that is, as soon as he marries—he becomes an unpleasant bully. The sort of perverted moral bullying that Theobald exercises on his son Ernest is abominable; and it is also real; we can all recognise it as one of the corruptions to which parenthood is subject. But it is falsified because it is unrelieved by any gleam of affection, confidence, or good will; and here not only does common experience revolt; but the crux of the conflict is removed: for the real tragedy of an unhappy family situation is that the child is driven to hatred

and revolt against just the people to whom he also feels bound by loyalty and love.

Aunt Alethea, and Overton, the narrator of the story, are the parents Ernest would have liked to have. All the good which should have been mingled with the misdeeds of Christina and Theobald is transferred bodily to them; and their function in the scheme of things is simply to fulfil wishes—to pile up £50,000 and keep it in readiness to save the hero from the consequences of his own actions. I need hardly add that Overton is a bachelor and Alethea a spinster. The smell of money hangs strongly over the whole book. If Butler had one deeply rooted conviction about the family it was that it is a father's duty to support his son permanently in the state of life to which he has been accustomed, or a rather better one. And the great climactic moment to which the story leads is the moment when Ernest, well-dressed and oozing prosperity, confronts his father with Aunt Alethea's £50,000, and triumphs over all his relations because he is now the richest member of the family. For sheer vulgarity it would be hard to beat this anywhere in English fiction.

Pennies from Heaven—Butler's Economic Ideal

The two positive values in the book are money and sterility. Money to be worth having must be unearned. The little that Ernest makes by tailoring and shopkeeping brings him no happiness and is all lost. Pennies from heaven, the rich aunt of the novelette-reader's dreams, represents Butler's economic ideal. The biological one is a little more complicated. The hero marries; he is even so deluded as to enjoy it for a time, but cheer up, this is a success story, it all comes right in the end. His wife is lower-class, drinks and goes to the bad, so he does not have to love her; and (second only to the triumph over the father) the marriage turns out to be bigamous, and Ernest comes to know the supreme joy of marriage, that of discovering that he is not married at all. But he has children, and this puts the author in a difficulty; marriage corrupts, but fatherhood corrupts absolutely; his hero's role so far has been to be the innocent victim of the father; now he has inadvertently become a father himself. A more consistent writer might have shown Ernest in his turn inheriting the inevitable corruptions of paternity. A less obsessed one might have shown him repairing his father's misdeeds and giving his children the understanding and affection he had himself been denied. Butler is in a dilemma, and there is only one way out. Money alone can solve the family entanglement, and this Ernest, fortunately, has; Ernest is a father, it is true, but he must be as little of one as possible; so he farms his children out with a Thames bargeman, buys his son a steamboat, gives his daughter a dowry; his trespasses are forgiven, and the stain of paternity is wiped out.

The story is in fact a distorted version of his own family relations. Butler incorporates actual letters from his own parents, and believes himself to be giving a veracious portrait. Yet even in Festing Jones' rather partial biography it is clear that the facts were otherwise. Butler senior was not very understanding and not very bright; but he behaved with considerable generosity, and his only real crime was that he refused to die and thus relieve his son finally of the necessity of earning his own living. Butler got his money in the end, but he was not able to insult his father with it, for the father had to die first. Ernest's triumph was a wish-fulfilment; *The Way of All Flesh* is the remaining possibility of revenge. These unifying biographical reflections would hardly be worth making if it were not that a later generation has built a whole myth of emancipation on this shabby and primitive psychopathological basis.

Belief in the Omnipotence of Thought

No doubt the English novel would often be better for a franker recognition of the economic motive; and no doubt the novelist can fruitfully dramatise his own conflicts. But a lasting work of art could hardly be built on motives so elementary, on a conflict so infantile, as this. Some of the infantilism appears in other departments of his work; the childish belief in the omnipotence of thought, the childish resentment when his wishes are not at once fulfilled. On the rights and wrongs of the Butler-Darwin controversy I am not qualified to speak. The startling thing is that to the immense, careful accumulation of experimental testimony that Darwin piled up Butler opposes a straight *a priori* argument, quite unsupported by empirical evidence; and is then hurt and astonished that the scientific world does not at once capitulate to his views. The scientists must be in a plot against him; and the classics

are just as bad, for they will not believe that the *Odyssey* was written by a woman at Trapani. The plot in fact is pervasive; few people are outside it—Jones, Alfred, a few odd sympathisers. And Butler's way of life, solitary, pernickety, oscillating between Clifford's Inn and the British Museum Reading Room, is thereby justified.

It is all rather lifeless; so much bath-water has been emptied out that all the babies have gone with it. And it is hard to imagine a forlorn hope than trying to practise a religion of grace after the flesh in the west central district of London in the last quarter of the nineteenth century. So Butler settles down to the English agnostic literary compromise—the profession of a faith that can only be glimpsed in practice on Mediterranean summer holidays. Like other compromises, it did not work out too badly, and the rather stuffy bachelor existence had its appropriate compensations; it begins now to have a sort of period charm, like the life of Sherlock Holmes. And like others whose faith has proved sterile, Butler finds salvation in humour. It is a restricted life; but a decorous gaiety, an ironical sparkle, plays perpetually over its small diversities and saves it from dullness. Saves us from dullness too. Whatever we think of Butler's ideas, he remains one of the not very numerous writers who can make us giggle aloud in a crowded railway carriage. If the satire is less excoriating than it once seemed, it is really quite subordinate to the good-tempered fun. When his family complex is touched Butler can be both cruel and unjust; in every other context he was the kindest and best-humoured of men. In 1885 his cat died, and to engage a new cat is a serious matter in a well-regulated life. Butler wrote to his sister about it:

I have already selected a dirty little drunken wretch of a kitten to be successor to my poor old cat. I don't suppose it drinks anything stronger than milk and water, but then, you know, so much milk and water must be bad for a kitten that age—at any rate it looks as though it drank; but it gives the impression of being affectionate, intelligent, fond of mice, and I believe if it had a home it would become more respectable; at any rate I will see how it works.

The innocence of the humour is the thing that strikes one. It is like *Alice* or *Edward Lear*. One of the minor Victorian achievements is the utterly harmless, unmalicious joke. Butler's dry, prim sparkle is still very good after fifty years; it will be just as good in another fifty; it will be better still if we do not try to see him as a philosopher or a liberator. With considerable address he knocked a few stones out of walls that were crumbling in any case; but I think we shall find in the long run that we are admiring the vivacity of the performance rather than the architectural alterations achieved.—*Third Programme*

Apollonian Poem

Go down, among the embroideries
Of the flower's underworld, and trace
The secret, warm, nectareous place
Beyond the stamen and the anther
Where the hummed fury of the bees,
Fierce as the citron-eyed black panther
Extracts the curious distillation
Good for the raw-stuff of creation.

No other hoard or spoil has gone
Into the bees' whole enterprise
Except that honey at their thighs:
But out of it they have created
The calm style of the hexagon,
In the one ritual having mated
A system sharp and bright as metal
With the soft opulence of petal.

The stings of flame that guard the hive,
The frenzied search, crammed honey-sac
Being anti-Dionysiac
Sustain their rapture through an order:
Marsyas, barely still alive,
A red camellia-flower of torture,
Then, only then, found he could follow
The quiet, grave chords plucked by Apollo.

JOHN HOLLOWAY

—From 'New Soundings' (Third Programme)

Do Scientists Use Scientific Method?

By STEPHEN TOULMIN*

PHILOSOPHERS have always been interested in the nature and methods of the sciences. 'What is the true road to knowledge—to use your eyes or your head, or a bit of both? And how much can we trust the results of a scientific investigation when it is completed?' Topics like these have by tradition been a staple of philosophical discussion. For a long time these were no armchair critics' questions, but serious pieces of self-questioning for, until about 1750, the philosophers were as often as not working scientists as well. Aristotle the biologist was the same man as Aristotle the logician and political theorist; and though we remember Descartes chiefly for his epistemology, he was, in his own eyes and in those of his contemporaries, as much a mathematician and a physicist as anything else.

'Scientist'—a Nineteenth-Century Invention

Our habit of distinguishing sharply between philosophy and science is, indeed, more of a novelty than we usually realise. It puzzles and amuses us when we first hear Lord Chermwell referred to as Dr. Lee's Professor of Experimental Philosophy, or when we find compasses and chemical balances called 'philosophical instruments'. Yet the very word 'scientist' was a nineteenth-century invention; and until the last 150 years or so the division we make between philosophy and science was thought of as, at most, a division between two branches of a single discipline; between 'metaphysical philosophy' on the one hand and 'natural philosophy' on the other.

It is a fascinating bit of history to consider how this boundary, originally so tenuous, came to harden into something like an Iron Curtain. For that is what has happened, in this country at any rate. The youth who shows scientific promise goes into training at fifteen or sixteen, and can afford little intellectual energy for studies on the margin of his subject until he is established in his profession. Philosophy is all very well as an occupation for one's old age, but it is a mistake to be too interested in it too soon. On the other side of the curtain, the students and teachers of philosophy in our universities have hardly any of them been through the scientific mill. The standard scientific journals are therefore closed to them; so, though they are as interested as ever in the methods and principles of the sciences, their acquaintance with them is necessarily at second hand.

One result of this division of labour is worth noting. Before it, the people who talked about scientific method were the same as those who did the science. Now these two tasks are undertaken by different sets of people. Logicians nowadays have had less experience than ever before as working scientists on their own accounts. For this reason there has grown up a new academic subject: the subject which every logic-student knows by the name of 'Induction and Scientific Method'. Expositions of this subject occupy roughly half of most text-books on logic—usually the latter half—and in them one finds the author setting out to analyse in a way anyone can grasp the forms of argument which scientists employ. All sorts of radical difficulties are pointed out. These methods of argument, it seems, are very hard to justify; pitfalls await the scientist who does not proceed with circumspection; certainty is shown to be a prize which none can win and few hope to approach. The philosophical student comes to feel very modest on the scientist's behalf.

It is an odd situation. On the one hand we have the scientists, engaged in an activity whose principles and forms of argument they never pause to set out and criticise in detail; on the other hand the logicians, describing and criticising at length activities and arguments in which they never engage. One might expect such a situation to have curious consequences. And it has done; for if one compares the accounts of the sciences and of scientific arguments published in books on logic and philosophy with the actual activities and arguments of working scientists, one finds a strange contrast. In all sorts of ways they do not tally. The activity performed is one thing; the activity described looks like quite another. From time to time scientists may argue in the ways the logicians portray, but the most characteristic parts of their

work are simply not mentioned. It is not that the things the logicians say are untrue: their arguments are often enough impeccable. It is that these arguments have hardly anything to do with the sciences, and especially the theoretical sciences, as these are in practice done. An eminent physicist remarked the other day, 'It's very nice when philosophers come down and congratulate me on what I'm doing. The pity is, I can never recognise the description they give of it.' Most people who have had a scientific training to begin with, and who have afterwards turned to books on logic and studied the things there said, share this feeling. What one commonly finds discussed are not the forms of argument and procedure scientists in fact employ, but rather ones which the logician, for some reason of his own, takes to be those they employ. And these, as I shall argue, are by no means the same thing. To be paradoxical for a moment: if what the logicians analyse is 'scientific method', then scientists do not use scientific method.

My main purpose here is to trace the source of this divergence, and to show how it has grown up. I hope also to indicate what it is that logicians have so often overlooked, and to paint a rather different picture of the nature of scientific theory from that which has been current since Mill. Since Mill, I say, because the division of labour between scientists and philosophers has been most marked since his time. But the divergence can be found beginning earlier—as soon as non-scientists began to write about scientific method. One finds it, for instance, in the works of Francis Bacon. And even then the scientists felt uncomfortable: William Harvey, the physiologist, who acted as Bacon's physician, declared to Aubrey that Bacon wrote philosophy 'like a Lord Chancellor', and added, ominously, 'I have cured him'.

Before I attempt any sort of a diagnosis, let us have a look at the symptoms. I shall mention three. Let me start with the most striking. Logicians frequently discuss the question, how often an experiment or observation must be repeated if the conclusions drawn from it are to be trusted. Can we eliminate all reasonable expectation of error by two or three repetitions? Or must one set oneself doggedly to the task of multiplying one's observations fifty, a hundred, even a thousand times, before any real confidence is justified? Suppose one is investigating the optical properties of some new type of glass: need one take hundreds of readings for each setting of one's spectroscope, or will, say, a couple do? On this point most logicians are agreed. The scientist's hope of success, they say, lies only in multiplying his readings. He can afford to vary the conditions of his experiments, of course, in order to rule out irrelevant factors; but, as a matter of principle, it must always be better to take a thousand readings than a hundred, and the results of half-a-dozen can never be more than suggestive.

Need for Ingenuity

To some extent this analysis is borne out in practice. One can always jump to conclusions after a brief study of some problem which a longer and more careful investigation forces one to abandon: this is as easy inside science as it is outside. So much is a matter of common sense. But it is care rather than length which makes a scientific experiment a good one. On the matter of principle the logicians and the scientists part company. A scientist in his laboratory has no time to spend on the mere repetition of his observations. The thing that really counts in scientific research is not the patience which will enable a man to go through with a further 500 repetitions of an experiment which has given the same result 500 times already. One can hardly imagine any scientist doing that. Rather he needs ingenuity, in designing his experiment so that only a few readings need be taken; and also an eye for spotting the answer he wants from these few observations. There are certain fundamental measurements and experiments upon which the whole of modern physics depends for its acceptance: few of these can have been repeated more than a dozen times. What are we supposed to say about that: 'So much the worse for modern physics'?

What has happened here? Why have philosophers thought there was this merit in repeating all one's observations—indeed, this necessity for doing so—if working scientists do not recognise it? The answer one will

* The first of four talks on 'The Nature of Scientific Theory'

get to this question brings to light the second of my three symptoms. For it will most likely take the form of another question: 'How can one hope to reach the truth about such matters *without* multiplying one's observations? No doubt if one wants to check single matters of fact—the colour of a bird, for instance—it may be enough to take one look. But no one would hazard the generalisation that all swans were white from seeing an odd half-dozen on a single pond: even if it were true that they are, you would have to look at a great number before you could safely conclude that this was so. Surely obvious and elementary precautions like that cannot be ignored in science? If you want to be at all confident that your laws and theories have more than a slender probability, surely you must be prepared to do what any naturalist would do to establish their truth?'

Taken on its own ground, this challenge is unanswerable. No physicist, or zoologist for that matter, would be prepared to agree that naturalists were any more prudent or methodical than he is himself. If it is true generalisations the scientist is looking for, if the theories he develops are to be thought of as kinds of natural history, though more sophisticated ones than the common variety, then indeed he must reconcile himself to the laborious task of repeating and repeating every observation he makes. And only a result which has been repeatedly checked without a counter-example appearing can be thought of as anything approaching true.

Not Glorified Natural History

But this is where we must dig our heels in. It is no good trying to understand the theories of the sciences or the laws of nature physicists formulate by thinking of them as glorified natural history. The quantum theory, for instance, is not an elaborate counterpart of the life-story of the ant. If we do try to construe the sciences on this model, we shall only end up by putting into the scientist's mouth questions he never has to ask, and curdling our blood with problems that never in fact beset him. Yet this is how the stock logic-book accounts of the sciences do treat them. The scientist is represented as asking himself what sets of things in the world always go together, and so as discovering a string of generalisations: swans are white (or are they?); ravens are black; red sky at night, morning will be bright; planets move in ellipses; stones run downhill. Often, indeed, one finds no other possibility even mentioned. The statement 'All swans are white' is cheerfully discussed as though it were the type of a law of nature.

How untrue to life this account is! What scientist would ever think of the statement that all swans are white as part of a scientific theory? And what physicist would agree to call such a statement a physical law, or a law of nature? The generalisation that all swans are white, or that all cats eat fish, is no more a law of nature and no more a piece of theory than is the fact that one particular swan or cat has been found to be white, or to eat fish.

But the oddest thing is still to come. For the chief question logicians ask themselves is whether laws and theories can ever be shown to have more than a small probability, whether we can ever know them to be true, and if so, how. It is this question that causes all the trouble, for multiplying one's observations seems to the logician the only road to results having more than the slenderest of probabilities. Yet it is not a real question at all. Suppose we look at the *Proceedings* of the Royal Society, or at any standard exposition of the sciences: how often shall we find this question, of the truth or degree of probability of a law or theory, discussed? The answer is: never. Such forms of words as 'Five to one on Snell's Law', 'Is meson theory true?' and 'The probability of the theory of natural selection is 99/100' are without meaning. A colleague of mine looked through a text-book of theoretical physics in search of the word 'true', and found it in one place only, where the author remarked: 'The question, what kind of geometry is true of space, is a meaningless one'.

Do not misunderstand me. I am not saying that scientists are indifferent to the question whether their theories are true or false, that they do not care whether they are. Not at all: a distinguishing character of all good scientific work is a scrupulous regard for the truth. I am saying rather that there is not a question for them either to care or to be indifferent about; that the questions 'Is this true or false?' and 'How probable is this?' cannot be asked about laws and theories *as such*. There is plenty of room in the sciences for these questions to be asked about other things. That the observed facts in some field of study can be explained in terms of a given theory, that the law of refraction has been found to apply to all non-crystalline substances, that an electronic counter on the bench in a laboratory will register three times in

the next ten seconds: these are all things about whose truth or probability we can enquire, and woe betide the research worker who treats such questions too lightly.

But there is no need to demand that every sentence, every formula and every expression in a science book should be of this kind. Theories themselves are, in fact, judged by scientists, not as 'true', 'false' or 'probable', but as adequate or inadequate to account for the facts they were put forward to explain. Laws of nature, likewise, are not required to measure up directly against the yardstick of the probability-calculus: they are accepted or rejected, rather, according to whether it is found possible or not to explain with their help the relevant range of phenomena—refraction, animal ecology, or whatever it may be. A logician may well find it hard to see how laws or theories could ever be shown to be true, but there is no need to worry on that account. It is not that they fail in this examination: they are not even entered for it.

Thinking of the sciences on the model of natural history: that is one major source of the divergence I have been trying to indicate. Another is thinking that the scientist's aim is entirely to discover what causes what—thinking of causes and effects as the quarry the scientist is after. This was what Mill talked about, and he analysed shrewdly the forms of argument needed to establish that one sort of happening is the cause of another. Again, however, if one treats his analysis as applying generally, and compares the things he says with, say, atomic physics, a curious air of unreality comes over them. The forms of argument which make such sense as applied in medicine or engineering no longer fit. Doctors, mechanics and the like are certainly concerned with the tracing of causes. Their work is diagnostic, and naturally gives rise to causal questions, questions like 'What has gone wrong here?' Correspondingly, one can point in the things they do to procedures of the forms Mill analysed. But when we come to analyse the nature of scientific theories, an analysis modelled on medicine or engineering can be quite as misleading as one modelled on natural history. The reasons are largely the same. Once more we are led to construe the scientist's theoretical statements as generalisations, and once more they resist this construction.

Why have logicians been so preoccupied with empirical generalisations? Why have they so often treated these as the only possible model for scientific statements? That is the first question I shall try to answer in my second talk. Along with it, let me ask you to bear in mind the third of my symptoms, which I have not yet mentioned. It is this. Where scientists talk of themselves as making discoveries, logicians talk of them as making *inferences*. The first part of a logic-book is devoted to syllogisms and the like: these are labelled 'deductive inferences'. The second half, on scientific method, is presented as though it were an analysis of another, different kind of inferences, labelled 'inductive inferences'. This idea, that deduction and induction are two sorts of inference, and that the business of the scientist is with the second variety, has had a long history and looks innocent enough at first sight. It may yet prove to have been the nigger in the logical woodpile.

—Third Programme

The Beach

A beach is made of antique bones
and waves are jabbering with death.

A moon is ill: its nervous groans
hold paludism in their breath.

A still of night where fever swells
contains a demon in disguise,

disclosed at last where panic wells
from emptiness: to frightened eyes.

(A moonlit washerwoman flings
her dirty rags across the line:

down there, a toad in torment sings
to prove that nothing should repine.)

Deep in the marshes all is night:
reviled and alien and bright...

Freely adapted by DWIGHT SMITH from
'*Paysage Mauvais*' by TRISTAN CORBIÈRE

Towards an Armistice in the Cold War?

(continued from page 987)

MacArthur's challenge brought to the surface, and established clearly for the first time, the fact that the military relationships between America and the European members of the Atlantic Community are mutual, that American military power depends upon its alliances and that we are in fact, in hard military fact, members of a community.

The realisation that American military power is not self-contained and autonomous has had a profound effect on the American attitude towards our alliances in western Europe. It has knocked the foundation out from under those who, like General MacArthur, have in effect been arguing that our intervention in Europe is at best an expensive form of philanthropy and that our true destiny is to go it alone in the Pacific and in eastern Asia. But here I would not wish you to think I am saying that our foreign policy is already consistently constructed upon the Atlantic Community. It is not. That is in fact the great business we have in hand. We are now engaged in working out the positions and the programmes which the alliance can best support and promote, which will best preserve and support the alliance.

Purpose of the Security Pact

The North Atlantic Security Pact is a military alliance which, when it was formed in 1948, was addressed to the particular fact that the Red Army stands inside Europe on a line which runs through Germany and Austria, and that it was then capable of overrunning western Germany, the Low Countries, and France, without meeting effective resistance. When the treaty was first brought forward, it was the accepted view in American military circles that the reason why western Europe, though defenceless, had not already been overrun, was that the Soviet Government was deterred by the knowledge that this would mean a general war in which the United States Strategic Air Force would come immediately into action, and that after that the whole military potential of the United States would be brought to bear.

The Security Pact was presented to the Senate, and by all of us who worked for it and supported it, as containing no more than the formal registration of a situation which already actually existed. The *de facto* would become *de jure*. The Soviet Government would then be on notice, as the Kaiser and Hitler had not been, that a war of aggression in Europe would mean war with the United States. This guarantee would, we said, give a sense of security to the people who live in the path of the threatened invasion. This was the original American conception of the alliance. Under criticism and pressure from France it had soon to be supplemented. Remembering the long delays in the two world wars before the United States intervened, the French demanded some more convincing proof of American intentions than the words of a treaty. Our response to that was to give a pledge that we would maintain a few divisions of American troops in Germany during the life of the treaty. Then no one—no Russian, no Frenchman, no German—could doubt that we would be involved in the war from the first day of hostilities. We used, at the time, to describe these American divisions as the plate-glass window in the jewellery shop. They were, we recognised, not nearly strong enough to protect the jewels. But if the robbers had to break the window, they would make so much noise that the whole neighbourhood would be aroused.

When the formal guarantee had been reinforced with a token force of American divisions, a third phase in the evolution of the alliance began. It began with the demand that western Europe be made capable of repelling an invasion in case the threat of atomic bombardment and of the full mobilisation of American military power should happen not to be an adequate deterrent. The deterrent power of the American Air Force and of its atomic bombs was said to be a declining asset. For the Soviet Government itself had solved the problem of making atomic weapons, and, moreover, the Soviet defences against bombardment were growing stronger. There is, in fact, an influential school of American military thinking which holds that the aerial defence is forging ahead of the offence.

Nevertheless, the demand for an army to defend western Europe against the Red Army was not well received at first even in American military circles. The root of the American objection to the idea was that we do not like what the proposal obviously carries with it—namely, that in time of peace we shall maintain a large standing army.

We think of ourselves as an island, as a continental island to be sure, but nevertheless as an island surrounded by the oceans of sea and air. We raise large ground armies only during our wars, and we raise them as auxiliaries, as expeditionary forces serving with our sea and our air power, and we like to disband our armies when the war is over.

It was not easy to persuade the American military leaders to accept the idea that it is necessary or possible to organise the defences of Europe on the ground. The pressure to do this came from our allies in Europe and from American civilians. About August of 1950, the Pentagon and the State Department agreed on the raising and equipping of an army in western Europe that would be capable of fighting a successful defensive battle with as much of the Red Army as was then, or could soon be, deployed in Europe. This decision was based on the assumption that what was happening in Korea could be taken as a rehearsal in miniature of what would probably happen in Europe. The communist armies would overrun the poorly-equipped non-communist armies. We must not repeat, therefore, the mistake we had made in Korea, where we had failed to establish a strong South Korean army and had failed to keep American troops there to guarantee American assistance.

This was such a big and such a new decision that it required the approval of Congress and renewed support from the people. At once the proposal to send a very large part of a newly-conscripted army to Europe ran squarely into the question: why do not the west Europeans, who are twice as numerous as we are, provide at least the infantry for the defence of their own countries? This led to a great deal of arithmetic in the Pentagon about how the number of divisions could be raised which the military planners then said were necessary. After counting up all the continental divisions that could be expected, and all the British, Canadian and American that could be spared, the planners found that they were still short by about twenty divisions. It was at that point that the Administration plumped for immediate German rearmament. If it was true that western Europe would soon be invaded as South Korea was then being invaded, if it took X-number of divisions to defend western Europe, if only X minus twenty were in sight within the N.A.T.O. Alliance, then there had to be German rearmament.

A Decision for Military Reasons

This momentous decision was taken for military reasons. It was the product of a military calculation starting from the postulate that there must exist in western Europe an army powerful enough to repel the Red Army in western Europe. But, as we know, this military decision has brought us to matters which could not be settled by the military planners. It has brought us to questions which transcend military planning, to the question of the place of Germany in Europe and in the world. These questions were bound to be raised soon enough. But our decision to rearm a part of Germany and to incorporate that part of Germany in our military alliance precipitated the whole German problem.

The great issue of policy which now confronts us is how we propose to solve the problem of the partition of Germany and of Europe. It will not do for us to follow a line of policy which implies, or which might seem to imply or could be regarded as implying, that our measures for the defence of Western Europe depend upon a continuing partition of Germany. We are in the gravest danger of finding ourselves in a wholly untenable position—that of making our military and political plans contingent upon the perpetuation of a divided Germany, and upon a German government which can maintain itself only if Germany remains divided.

The measure of how much we have come to lean on the division of Germany is that we have allowed the Soviet Government to monopolise the idea of German reunification. We are not able to make our declarations about German unity convincing; because we have not been able to work out a European policy which leads, under some known conditions, to the evacuation of Germany. This is the hard core of the problem. It is that Germany cannot be reunited, the Iron Curtain cannot be rolled up, unless the Soviet army withdraws. The withdrawal of the Soviet army from Germany is inconceivable except as a result of

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NEWS DIARY

June 11-17

Wednesday, June 11

Mr. Eden makes statement in Commons about the prison camp in Kojé

Prime Minister gives warning of dangers of present economic situation

Commons debate Government White Paper on broadcasting

Thursday, June 12

Chancellor of Exchequer tells Commons that drain on gold and dollar reserves has been checked

U.S. Army leaders in Washington say that there are not enough troops in Korea to control prisoners on Kojé Island

Friday, June 13

British case in Anglo-Persian oil dispute opens at The Hague

Lord Alexander flies from Tokyo to Korea with General Mark Clark

General Templer speaks in Malaya on effect of recent fall in rubber prices on country's national economy

Saturday, June 14

Lord Alexander tours forward positions of Commonwealth troops in Korea

President Truman attends keel-laying of first atomic submarine at Connecticut

Radio operator employed at Foreign Office remanded on a charge under the Official Secrets Act

Sunday, June 15

Mr. Selwyn Lloyd, British Minister of State, meets President Syngman Rhee to tell him of British concern over Korean political situation

Two Czechs sentenced to death at Brno on charges of 'spying for the Vatican'

Great Britain beaten by Italy in European Zone Davis Cup Tie at Bologna

Monday, June 16

Minister of Transport announces concessions in fares to operate from August 31

Lord Alexander inspects prisoner-of-war camps on Kojé Island and meets President Syngman Rhee at Pusan

Draft of new B.B.C. Charter published as a White Paper

Swedish Note protests to Russia over shooting down of reconnaissance aircraft in the Baltic

Tuesday, June 17

Australian Prime Minister leaves London after three weeks' visit

Chancellor of the Exchequer makes statement about trade unions and wage claims



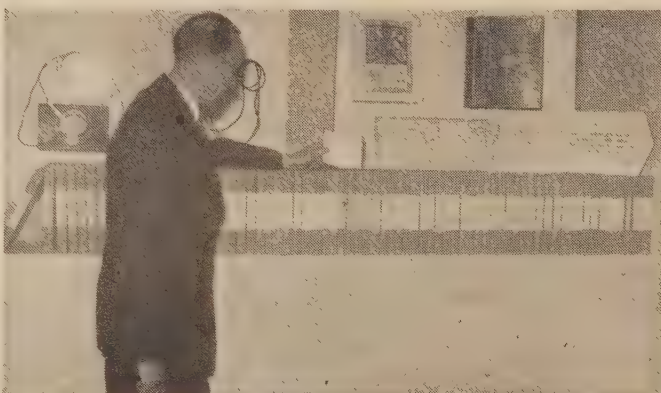
H.M. the Queen visited the Richmond Horse Show on Saturday, the final day. Her Majesty is seen here presenting an award to Alexandra Kendall, mounted on 'Bright Sauce Box' in the leading-rein class for beginners



On June 14 Princess Margaret distributed the prizes at Bedford School which was celebrating its 400th anniversary. The scene in the Great Hall as Her Royal Highness unveiled a commemorative panel



Members of the British delegation to the International Court of Justice at The Hague, which is sitting to consider its competence to deal with the Anglo-Persian oil dispute. Left to right: Sir Eric Beckett, Sir Lionel Heald, the Attorney-General, Mr. C. H. M. Waldock, Mr. H. A. P. Fisher, and Mr. D. H. N. Johnson



An exhibition commemorating the centenary of Louis Braille is being held at the National Institute for the Blind, London. In the photograph the smallest printed Bible is being compared with the seventy-four-volume Braille Bible



A photograph received from Russia of Don and Volga Rivers, which is reproject was begun in



General Gruenewald, inspecting troops in Europe, inspected troops in 11 during a



Mr. Andrei Gromyko, Soviet Deputy Foreign Minister, who succeeds Mr. Georgi Zarubin as Soviet Ambassador to London. Mr. Gromyko, who is forty-three, was Ambassador to the United States from 1943-46 and afterwards permanent delegate to the United Nations. Last year he led the Soviet delegation to the Japanese Peace Treaty conference



During the week thousands more prisoners on Kojima Island were being moved into small compounds. British troops are seen, wearing gas masks, moving into one of the compounds to disperse protesting prisoners with tear gas



Staff at Supreme Headquarters Allied Powers, combined cadet force of Winchester College on June 13. He afterwards watched the contingent training



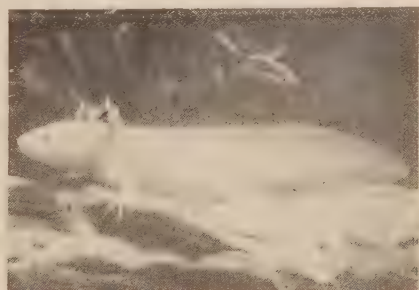
Players of the Dublin Gate Theatre Company giving a performance of 'Hamlet' in the courtyard of Kronberg Castle, Elsinore, on June 13. Hamlet was played by Michéal MacLiammóir and Ophelia by Eithne Dunne



J. H. Peters winning the Polytechnic Harriers marathon race from Windsor to Chiswick (26 miles 385 yards) on Saturday. His time of 2 hrs. 20 min. 42.2 sec. beats the previous world's best performance by over four minutes



the sixty-three-mile shipping canal, linking the have been completed recently. Work on the was interrupted by the war



Seen at the National Aquarium Exhibition in London last week: the Axolotl from N. America (the larval stage of the Black and Yellow Salamander)

Left: the Norwegian training ship 'Sørlandet' approaching the Thames Estuary last week after the voyage from Kristiansand

(continued from page 999)

a general agreement to withdraw all foreign troops. Yet the withdrawal of the British, French, and American forces from western Germany would compel us to make a radical revision of the strategic dispositions of the Atlantic Community.

We are becoming involved in what may be a grave predicament—the strategic interests of the Atlantic Community, as we now conceive them and as we are now developing them, will come into direct collision, not only with the purposes of our great adversary, the Soviet Union, but also with the national interests of the German people. No good can come of that, and surely we must realise that the military system of our alliance cannot be maintained, and that it will rest on quicksand, if in a country like Germany we cannot support the irreducible minimum national interests of the German people. We are unable to do that so long as our military interests are founded on the partition of Germany. We have no choice, in my view, but to grasp the nettle by making the eventual evacuation of Germany by the non-German forces a plain goal of our own policy.

What are the necessary conditions? The Soviet Government in its note of March 10 laid down two conditions. The first was that united Germany should not join the Atlantic alliance. The second was that united Germany should recognise as permanent the provisional eastern frontiers marked out at Potsdam. Evidently we cannot agree to withdraw our forces from Germany on these conditions. We cannot agree to a reunited and a rearmed Germany which has achieved not only sovereign equality but enjoys in addition an entirely free hand in its foreign relations. The Soviet proposal would enable Germany to manipulate the balance of power between the east and west, to manoeuvre against France and against Poland, and to dominate Europe. The Soviet Government may think that a united, armed, and unbound Germany would have everything to gain by renewing the old alliance with Russia. But whatever the Soviet calculation, we cannot evacuate Germany if Germany has not become bound by her own sovereign choice and action within a European system.

What does that phrase mean, if we examine it in its hard concreteness? It must mean, I would say, first of all, a reconciliation between united Germany and France, a reconciliation which is so thorough that it can be sealed by a Franco-German alliance within which Germany and France would be bound to concert their foreign policy in Europe. Until France and Germany are fully at peace the forces of the Atlantic Community must keep watch on the Rhine. For a European system can exist only if at the heart of it there is a Franco-German partnership. Without that partnership, Europe cannot be united. With that partnership a preponderance of the interest and weight of the European continent will be on the side of a European system.

The other Soviet condition is that that united Germany should ratify the eastern frontiers of Potsdam. We cannot, I would argue, agree to that. To agree to it would be to leave the German nation with a national grievance which we had washed our hands of but which the Soviet Union could then redress. This would mean that we had

renounced all our rights to participate in the settlement of Europe east of the Elbe, indeed east of the Rhine. For the settlement of these territorial questions will determine the relations of Germany with Russia and with eastern Europe and in fact with the Eurasian continent. My view is that we should make it a condition of the evacuation that united Germany, already allied with France, shall then negotiate a settlement with Poland which fixes their common frontier and contains also an agreement for the relief of the expellees, and an economic treaty. If and when—but only if and when—there is a Franco-German-Polish understanding, can one speak with any seriousness about the unity of Europe or, as I would prefer to call it, a European system.

I do not mean to argue that the conditions which I have indicated are not very difficult to meet. They are very difficult. At best it would take a long time to meet them. They are not, however, impossible conditions. They are a sound position on which to stand while we work for a European settlement, or if we fail to negotiate a settlement. No one can argue successfully, I would contend, that they are not the minimum necessary conditions of a secure and peaceable European continent. No one can argue that they violate the national interests of any European nation. The conditions are based on the principle which is I think indisputable, that the unity of Germany and the unity of Europe are inseparable. As the champions of that principle the Atlantic Community would, I believe, win respect by deserving it. It is, I am sure, of the greatest importance that the sincerity of our policy should not be in doubt. At best it would take a long time before the conditions of evacuation could be met. An all-German government must be formed and it must then prove itself by negotiating successfully with its neighbours. Only then would the evacuation take place.

The Soviet conditions, as they are now presented, would seem to offer a much quicker peace treaty and a much earlier evacuation. We must depend upon the intrinsic merits of the conditions to justify a prolongation of the occupation, which is what this policy means and requires. But we can, and I think we should, give incontestable proofs that our conditions are serious, and that they are not devices for nullifying the commitment to restore the unity of Germany by the withdrawal of all foreign troops. We can do this best by proposing certain measures which would be taken as soon as our conditions are accepted in principle—when a constituent assembly to write an all-German constitution has been elected, and a provisional all-German government has been formed. The armies of occupation would remain until the new united German government had met the conditions which are necessary to the formation of the European system. But though these armies of occupation would remain in Germany, they might begin to withdraw by stages to the periphery, releasing Berlin and a large central region.

That would mark the end of the post-war situation in which the armies of the west and of the east stand face to face in the heart of Europe, and are crazily entangled with one another in Berlin. It would mark the beginning of a separation of the contending forces. It might lead—conceivably—to an armistice in the cold war.

—From a talk in the Third Programme

Myth and Faith

By EMIL BRUNNER

THERE is hardly a problem which is being so vehemently discussed these days in continental Protestant theology than that raised by Professor Bultmann's postulate of *Entmythologisierung* demythologising the teaching and preaching of the Christian Church. As Rudolf Bultmann is one of the leading scholars in the field of New Testament research and has been in the fighting front of the German Church battle against the Nazis, his word carries a great weight of authority with the younger generation of theologians, scholars, and educated church people. On the other hand, his postulate of demythologisation has been put forward by himself and by certain of his pupils in such a radical manner that the churches are frightened by it to such a degree that some of them have made an attempt to pronounce Bultmann publicly as a heretic destroying the very substance of the Church.

His main thesis is this: the message of redemption in Jesus Christ,

as it is contained in the New Testament writings, is embedded in a mythological language and a framework of conceptions of a mythological character which cannot be fitted into the world view of modern man. Therefore the Church has to separate the substance of her message from this timebound frame, in order to make it understandable to our contemporaries. This demand and its underlying reasoning is by no means a new thing. On the contrary, the problem of faith and mythology has been one of the very first which early Christianity had to face. We usually call it the fight against gnosticism. Moreover, again and again in the later history of the Church the attempt was made to purify the Christian message and theology from certain mythological ideas, which were deemed to be unworthy of the real spiritual gospel-truth and a great obstacle to its acceptance by men of higher education or scientific training. The last great attempt of this kind was the reinterpretation of the meaning of the Christian doctrine by Hegel and his school of

thought, which had, and still has today, a large following not only in continental Europe but also in this country. It is, however, precisely the remembrance of this attempt at philosophical reformulation of the Christian faith, which makes one suspicious of Bultmann's postulate, because the present generation has come to see that the Hegelianised gospel is no more the gospel of the New Testament and of the Christian faith. Would it be different with the demythologised gospel according to the prescription of Rudolf Bultmann?

On the other hand anyone, who does not identify biblical faith with a fundamentalist or literalist interpretation, cannot fail to admit that there are mythological elements in Scripture which can be no part of a modern Christian's belief. To give one instance only: the story related in Genesis VI of the 'sons of God' who 'saw the daughters of men that they were fair; and they took them wives of all which they chose' certainly has a close resemblance to pagan mythologies. If there are myths in the Bible which a modern man, however sincere and deep-rooted a Christian he may be, cannot accept as truth, the question does not seem any more whether demythologising is necessary, but merely how far it should go.

What is 'Mythology'?

At this point, however, we cannot evade the preliminary question: what do we mean by 'myth' or 'mythology'? The definition of these terms seems to be a very elusive problem, because it appears to be inevitable to use the term myth at least in two different senses. In one case we mean by myth—to use Paul Tillich's definition—a *Göttergeschichte*, a story of Gods. In the other case, however, we use the word in a more modern and general sense, meaning by it irrational conceptions of a highly emotional and imaginative character. We speak for instance of political myths like that of fascism and of democracy, or of myths of modern science like that of Newton's absolute space or the absolute object of materialism. It is, however, beyond the possibilities of this short talk to clarify this question of the definition of myth. I hope you will find that we can bring some light into our problem without precise definition.

Let me point to two characteristic elements of the Christian doctrine. All our ideas about God are symbols; that is to say we are conscious of their inadequacy. We call God the Father, knowing quite well that God is not a father as men are. We call Him Father in heaven, using another symbol to indicate that realm of being which the philosophers call transcendence. The biblical symbolism always has this dual character of personalism and absolutism or absolute personalism: But combined with this is the other characteristic element: historical time. God the Father in heaven is the one who is doing things in history. He is the Living Lord of history, who reveals His own nature and accomplishes His purpose in history. The climax of His revelation is an event which is, at once, the perfection of His revelation as absolute person and the perfection of the characteristic element of history, namely oneness; that is, the event which taking place has taken place once and for all. Here in this event, Jesus Christ, it becomes evident that the absolutely personal and the absolute historical belong together in correlation. It is only the absolutely personal God who can give a historical event the content of absolute meaning, making it an event which cannot happen more than once. Once and for all. It is the event in which eternity becomes time, when Godhead becomes manhood, when the absolute God is revealed in historical person. This is, indeed, God-history, therefore, according to Tillich's definition, myth.

You may call it the myth of incarnation and redemption. But be sure, this is what Christian faith knows to be the truth and it is in believing this 'God-history' is the truth that Christian faith consists. At this point the philosopher is tempted to say this cannot be accepted as truth, this must be put into a non-mythological form, this Christian myth must be demythologised. That is what Hegel did a hundred years ago and what Bultmann seems to be attempting, although in another way, in our days. Why should the philosopher make this attempt? Because, as he says, God-history does not happen: because the idea of such an event is shocking or scandalous to our reason. To the thinker truth is something timeless and impersonal. Truth cannot happen, much less can it happen once and for all. Truth must be of the nature of being, not of happening. Truth about God must be eternal and therefore timeless.

Indeed, this is the nature of that kind of truth which man is capable of acquiring by his own effort. But the truth of the gospel of God's revelation-history does not claim to be a truth which man can acquire by his own effort. Quite the contrary: the gospel claims that

this truth is grace, *i.e.*, given to man from outside his own reach, from beyond. It is not truth of thought but truth of grace and encounter. May I refer here to the title of a book of mine which, although it is not clear in the English translation, conveys its main idea. The German title is *Wahrheit als Begegnung*, which means 'truth as encounter'. This is exactly what the prologue of the fourth gospel means when it says, 'Truth and grace came in Jesus Christ'. Of course such a truth, a truth which comes in a person, can never be included in a system of philosophy, *i.e.*, of man-found truths. By its very definition this event is the end of philosophy, maybe the end also in the sense of *telos* or finis or goal. However, it is not, as Bultmann says, that this myth does not fit into modern man's world picture. There is no question here of modern man nor of world picture. The gospel is not particularly difficult for modern man, nor is it hard to fit into a certain, namely the modern, world picture. It is the stumbling block for any man's own thought, whether modern or ancient, and it cannot be included in any world picture, whether modern or past.

Of course the truth of this myth, of this God-history, cannot be proved. One thing, however, can be done. It is possible to show the consequences of either accepting or rejecting it. If the Hegelian or Bultmannian philosopher tries to demythologise this basic Christian myth of God's incarnation and redemption and transform it into a timeless rational truth, two things result. First, the personal God becomes impersonal; and second, the event of revelation and redemption becomes an idea, as it were a standing, immanent truth. God, then, is no more a 'Thou' who calls me—I am the Lord thy God. By this philosophical procedure God, instead of being over against me and calling me from beyond, becomes a part of my own thought world, may be the depth of it. He is no more the Lord God, but the God idea; I am no more His servant, but, being the one who is capable of thinking Him, I am somehow, at the bottom or in the depth of my being, divine myself. The Christian faith in the gracious Lord is changed into a religion of immanence similar to the mystical religions of the east. The relation of responsibility, where man is called from beyond himself and has to answer in trust and obedience, is changed into a relation of identity. This is the price at which alone Christian faith can be demythologised and which it can never pay as long as it knows itself.

So much about the basic myth of the Christian doctrine. What we have found here does not exclude, however, the fact that there are other mythological elements in the Bible which have nothing to do with this basic myth and which therefore may well be demythologised without danger. They may be exposed as naive and irrational religious expressions, in fact no better than certain pagan mythologies. But even in this case it will always appear on closer scrutiny that these mythological elements are to be found within a context of the revelation of God, the living Lord of history, and therefore bear the imprint of, and should be interpreted within, this context.

A Theology Both Orthodox and Liberal

Where, then, is the criterion of legitimate and illegitimate demythologising? The answer is easy in principle and difficult in detail. Whatever is connected with the basic Christian myth, *i.e.*, with the understanding of God as the living Lord of history and the revelation of God's absolute personality in Jesus Christ, therefore with the relationship of responsibility, must not become a victim of the demythologising procedure. To put it in other words: whatever in the Bible is essential for our understanding of God and ourselves must be left as it stands. There are, however, a good many elements in our theological tradition of which no one has ever been able to prove their essential importance for our understanding of God and our relation to Him. To separate them from the real credendum can be of value for faith and can be a help for those who otherwise find their way to Christ barred by such obstacles. To do this is certainly a valuable service which a truly critical and at the same time truly biblical theology can render, a theology which is not afraid of being called orthodox from one side, liberal from the other.—*Third Programme*

United Nations in Pictures (Stationery Office, price 3s. 9d.) consists of photographs which have appeared in the *United Nations Bulletin* illustrating the work of the organisation in recent years. Another United Nations publication of a pictorial character is *Looking at the United Nations* (Stationery Office, price 3s. 9d.). *The Selection of University Students*, by F. W. Warburton (price 4s. 6d.), is the first of a series of publications of the University of Manchester School of Education. It contains a foreword by Professor R. A. C. Oliver and concludes with some recommendations and a bibliography.

Places Lived In

'New Ways', Northampton

By SIR HUGH CASSON

THE house I have chosen for my last talk in this series is No. 508 Wellingborough Road, Northampton: not, you may think, a very romantic sounding address. What does it call to your mind? A pebble-dashed, slate-roofed council house, perhaps with a plaster Alsatian dog in the parlour window, and a milk bottle, carrying a note for the milkman, standing on the front doorstep? Or maybe a more imposing residence, with fussy gables peering through

and, indeed, no beauty spot, should have been so often the centre of lively aesthetic controversy.

Here, eighty years ago, had waged the arguments over the town hall competition which had been won by Edward Godwin, with whom, you may remember, Ellen Terry eloped. This building does not perhaps look very remarkable now, but when it opened it was as widely discussed in architectural circles as the new Coventry Cathedral is today.

Then, twenty-five years ago, came 'New Ways', described by its friends as a 'symbol of a new phase of thought' and by its opponents as 'the ugliest house in England'; and then more recently the arguments over the Henry Moore and Graham Sutherland in St. Matthew's church, and today over the Frank Dobson sculpture newly acquired for a public garden.

Where, I wondered, as I drove through the empty, undistinguished streets, lies the spark that sets off from time to time this flame of local enterprise in the arts? The answer, I suppose, is that it lies, as it always must, within the hearts of a few men, or women of courage and imagination: prophets, cranks, pioneers, eccentrics, bores—call them what you will—who, thank goodness, still exist in most towns and are sometimes lucky and persevering enough to get their ideas translated into action. The owners of 'New Ways' are modest, gentle people and would, I know, be horrified at the suggestion that they were in any way prophets and pioneers. They did not, I am sure, start out with the intention of building an architectural milestone. All they wanted was a well-designed and comfortable house. But the fact remains that they got both. 'New Ways' was in fact the first 'modern' house to be built in

England—and I hope there is no need to explain what I mean by the word 'modern'. Most of us, whether or not we like it, know modern architecture when we see it and we can recognise its characteristics: open planning, elegant poised structure, and clean simple surfaces. But modern architecture did not suddenly arrive out of thin air. Like all changes of taste, whether in clothes or saucers, in carpets or buildings, it took time to develop, the process starting in the minds of one or two genuinely creative and imaginative artists who, by instinct, expressed not only the spirit of their own time but also the spirit of the times immediately ahead. Among these creative pioneers stand out the names of Peter Behrens of Germany, and Charles



'New Ways': rear view from a neighbouring garden. Below: detail of the front of the house, showing the high staircase window over the front door

the shrubberies and a television aerial strapped to one of its elaborate chimneys? In either case you would be hopelessly wrong, though both descriptions would fit accurately enough the houses which face and flank No. 508. No, this house, 'New Ways', although modest in name and size, is in fact, a very special house indeed. To architectural students, indeed, its facade is, I suppose, as familiar as that of No. 10 Downing Street, or Hampton Court; but although I had known it in photographs for years I had never seen it. And two weeks ago on a fine Sunday afternoon I went there.

I got to Northampton too soon after lunch for many people to be about, and as I drove past the pillared porch of the parish church and across the market square, where the buses glittered in the sun like huge shining beetles, the streets were deserted—filled, it seemed, only with a golden syrup of Sunday warmth and stillness. The shops snoozed contentedly behind their shrouded windows, and the traffic lights, like rather sleepy cats, blinked lazily at nothing. I drove on past the muddled, friendly assortment of buildings that make up the streets of an English provincial town: past the little purple-slatted red brick side streets which bore names like Raglan and Wilberforce and Palmerston; past the Chinese laundry and the Workmen's Institute; and past the Congregational church and the tobacconist at the corner, where cardboard display cards sat curling in the heat of the sun. As I drove, I wondered why it was that Northampton, which to the casual eye is a busy, prosperous, but ordinary enough looking place



Mackintosh of Scotland, the two men who between them contrived 'New Ways'—and this is how it happened.

Their client, Mr. Bassett-Lowke, was, and still is, an engineer. Soon after he was married, in 1917, he bought a small Georgian house in the centre of Northampton—one of those tall terrace houses, as thin and deep as a slice of cake—and he and his wife decided to reconstruct it and furnish it throughout in accordance with their own ideas. They had heard from a friend of the work of the architect Charles Mackintosh, the designer of the Glasgow School of Art—a revolutionary building in its day—and wrote to him. They first met in the Lake District. Mackintosh by then was nearly fifty years old, a picturesque, limping figure in a cloak and wide-awake hat, and, though a man with a European reputation, still comparatively unknown in this country. He drew up the plans for the reconstruction of Mr. Bassett-Lowke's house and designed much of the furniture. The house still stands, but most of Mackintosh's remarkable work has now disappeared.

A few years later the Bassett-Lowkes decided to move further out, and they bought a half-acre site on the edge of Abingdon Park. The garden had already been laid out, but the top of the site was empty and free. Mackintosh was to have designed the house to stand there, but he was by now a sick man and had gone abroad in what proved to be a vain search for health. Mr. Bassett-Lowke tried to find another British architect who shared Mackintosh's ideas and approach to design, but was unsuccessful. One day, looking through an old German magazine, he saw photographs of work by the German architect, Dr. Peter Behrens of Berlin. Dr. Behrens, born in the same year as Mackintosh, had begun life as a painter. After a brief dose of *art nouveau*—a short-lived decorative fashion which swept the continent fifty years ago and which I suppose is remembered in England today largely through the drawings of Aubrey Beardsley—he eventually became architect to a huge electrical combine, where he was not only responsible for the design of a number of factories but also for much of the equipment, such as kettles and street lamps, which the factories made. Mr. Bassett-Lowke got Dr. Behrens' address from the German Consul and in 1924 they met in Belgium.

I was shown a photograph of their first conference in a sidewalk café. It was a cheerful-looking group sitting round a marble table. Mr. Green, the Northampton builder, solid, mackintoshed, determined to enjoy himself, of course, but equally determined not to be rushed off his feet by any foreign nonsense; Dr. Behrens' assistant—a thin, serious and rather nervous young man in a plush hat, clasping a roll of drawings; Dr. Behrens himself, stout, bow-tied, and jovial; and there in the background—witness to this historic occasion—one of those shrunken little old men in vaguely nautical caps who are always to be seen pushing little handcars over the *pavé* of continental cities. From the first Dr. Behrens was enthusiastic over the idea of building a house in England. The plans were drawn up quickly and work started in the following year. By 1926 it was completed. The owners were delighted, but Mr. Green, the builder, was so alarmed by its strange appearance that he refused to put his board up and spent much of his time trying to persuade his clients to follow less adventurous lines. But in vain. 'New Ways' stands today much as Behrens designed it and as his clients wanted it to be.

I have said it was a milestone, and if you were feeling waspish you might possibly add that it looks like it. Certainly, as you peer through the slatted blue-painted garden gate set in the rough stone wall, it is as square and white and uncompromising as a block of stone. A high vertical staircase window above the front door—a feature which was to be imitated in many houses since—a curious frieze of thin black battlements along the roofline, and the figures 1926 cast in relief are the only points of interest in an otherwise unbroken surface. But inside

it is as full of sun and light and air as a seaside summerhouse. The hall is patterned with grey and black tiles in an abstract design. (Although Mr. and Mrs. Bassett-Lowke set these tiles out themselves, in fact they were laid wrong, and the pattern, I was told, is not quite as it should be.) The staircase curls backwards and behind you over the front door, guarded by a solid balustrade. This last feature worried Mr. Green so much that he actually made another complete staircase, as he

thought of more traditional and therefore perhaps more acceptable lines, and placed it in position in a desperate attempt to sway Mr. and Mrs. Bassett-Lowke. In vain, of course.

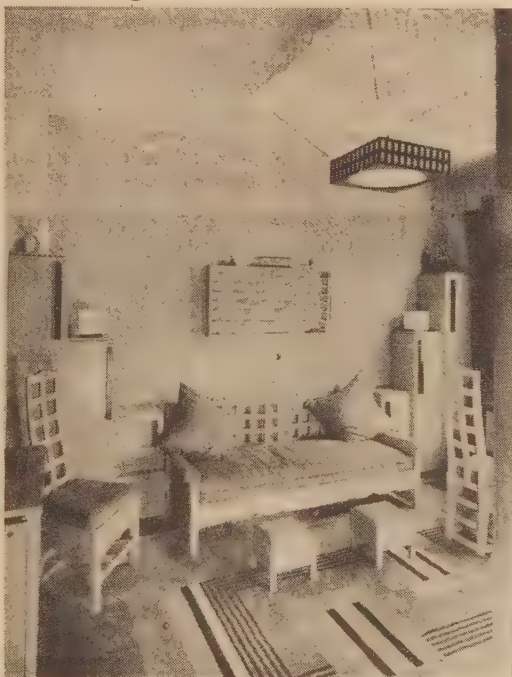
The ground floor is directly planned. On one side are the study and living-room, on the other the service quarters. Between them, and facing the front door, is the dining-room, opening on to a terrace. The first floor is equally direct—two bedrooms and a bathroom on each side of the centre landing, with a small sewing-room and balcony between. And as the site slopes steeply to the back, Dr. Behrens managed to include as well a basement boiler-room, laundry and store. Much of the furniture in the main rooms is from Mr. Bassett-Lowke's first house and is designed by Mackintosh—some of it clean, simple and elegant; some of it, with its diamond inlays of mirror and yellow enamel, fanciful and self-consciously over-patterned—but all of it bearing the stamp of that lively and original mind.

But I am not going to describe the looks of the house and furniture. Nor am I going to pretend that it all looks very beautiful. Some of the architect's detail, particularly the living-room fireplace, is, like some of Mackintosh's furniture, queer rather than attractive; and here and there I saw things which, to be honest, I thought were downright ugly. This, of course, is to be expected in pioneering design.

Often the designer is fighting so hard for a point of view that in his urgency he overstates his case. Even as late as 1926, remember, modern architecture was generally viewed with suspicion or dislike, and it is easy to forget, now that the battles are over or largely won, how stern and hard-hitting these early struggles were, when every house was a fight for principles, and clients to back you were difficult to find. Rich people tend to be conservative when buying art; it is the less wealthy who are usually prepared to experiment. Today, of course, the modern architect can afford to be relaxed. He has no need to kick us in the teeth to prove his point. As a result the architecture of today—you can see it in some of the post-war schools, in the housing of our new towns, some of you may remember it in the light-hearted sparkle of last year's South Bank Exhibition—is less assertive, friendlier, and more gracious than these early examples, like 'New Ways', which were as much demonstrations of personal faith as pieces of architecture.

No, the point about 'New Ways'—the really exciting thing about it—is not the house itself nor its contents, but that spirit of adventure and experiment which inspired it, and which still lives in it today. 'New Ways' is a private family house and it is not open to the public, so it is no good recommending you to go and see over it. But if you are ever in Northampton, do take a look over that blue garden gate and see if you can catch—as I did—an echo of that challenge which, some twenty-five years ago, resounded from these white and simple walls.

—Home Service



Part of the study; the furniture was designed by the late C. R. Mackintosh

The British Travel and Holidays Association, 64-65 St. James's Street, London, S.W.1, has published a list of *Historic Houses and Castles in Great Britain* (price 1s. 6d.). Over 200 properties are described which can be reached by road or rail transport; there is an alphabetical index of them and also a list of gardens open to the public under the National Gardens scheme. *North Devon* has now been added to the Penguin Guide Books called 'The Buildings of England', edited by Nikolaus Pevsner. The price is 3s. 6d.

Round the London Art Galleries

By ERIC NEWTON

THE present exhibition of Expressionist paintings and drawings at Roland, Browse and Delbanco's inevitably tempts one to divide artists into categories. A debate ensues in which one's casual, illogical self urges 'Ignore categories; treat your pictures as manifestations of individual attitudes of mind'. To which one's analytical self replies, with some justification, 'The understanding of attitudes of mind must precede the understanding of the works of art that express them. How can one enjoy an Expressionist picture without knowing what Expressionism means?' As a conscientious critic I am inclined to accept any suggestion made by my analytical self.

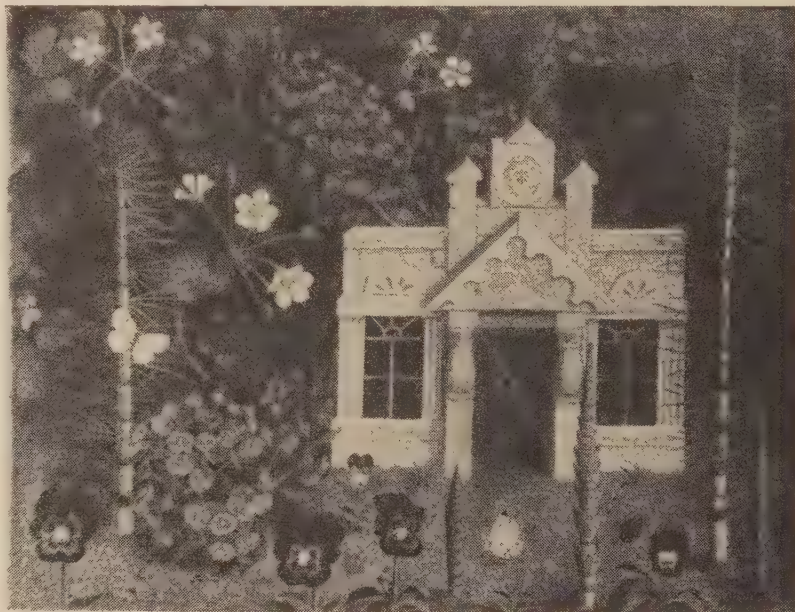
One can make a rough division of artists into Expressionists—men who externalise their feelings—and Impressionists—men who depend upon their eyesight. Monet, we agree, paints what he sees, Kokoschka what he feels, and it is stupid to complain that the latter is too frenzied or the former too literal. But labels are only helpful in extreme cases. What interests me, in touring the numerous current exhibitions, is to decide about borderline cases. What attitude of mind, for example, lies behind the colourful organisations of Ivon Hitchens at the Leicester Galleries? Of the pictures by Alan Reynolds at the Redfern Galleries? Of Affandi's (a young Indonesian painter) at the Imperial Institute? Of Tirzah Garwood's at the Arts Council Gallery in St. James's Square?

I have picked these artists from the mass of contemporary painters now exhibiting in London because each of them presents his own problem in an extreme form. Each has something definite to say, each says it with considerable conviction, and each demands from the spectator a sympathetic understanding which the critic must be prepared to define. In the absence of such definition the work of art may fail to produce its full impact.

Ivon Hitchens is the only artist among these four with the assurance of full maturity. Years ago he decided that stern simplification of form, the maximum of breadth and freedom in the handling of paint, and an almost exclusively emotional use of colour would 'express' his meaning. He is now complete master of his own method and he begins to pay the price of too much mastery. His forms seem to simplify themselves without a struggle and thereby to empty themselves of significance: his brushstroke is so assured that it begins to look a little like scene-painting: his colour is so completely free that it is changing from expressive to decorative. Five years ago he could just have found a place for himself in the Expressionist exhibition. Today his paintings are beautiful objects for the eye to rest on, but rarely are they evidences of a heightened mood or a vivid experience.

The Redfern Galleries, shamelessly overcrowded as usual, show a set of Osbert Lancaster's townscapes, seen with a keen eye and underlined by a profound knowledge of the language and the local dialects of architecture; and a roomful of Richard Eurich's little oil paintings, largish picture-postcards in effect, also products of a keen eye but enlivened by dutiful prodding from his imagination. It is not until one reaches Alan Reynolds' paintings in the third room that one encounters

an artist whose feelings *dictate* his form. There is nothing here of Kokoschka's frenzy or Hitchens' lyrical elegance, but a dogged determination to reject inessentials and to seize on essentials and reduce them to a formalised organisation in space. The result is a stark, rather wiry world but a convincing one which the eye can explore with considerable satisfaction. Mr. Reynolds is young and his range of expression is limited, but I have the impression that here is a creative mind, working tentatively at present, but full of potentialities and capable of growth.



'Wee Wack's Kitten', by Tirzah Garwood, from the exhibition at the Arts Council Gallery

Affandi, at the Imperial Institute, is a Javanese artist but with no perceptible Indonesian tradition behind him. Self-taught, wilder even than Kokoschka when excited, as human and as passionate as van Gogh, painting recklessly from the heart and ready to paint whatever moves him—landscapes, animals, friends, relations, chance-met personages—his drawings are powerful, his paintings vary from the painfully undisciplined to the restlessly volcanic. He is the perfect example of the Expressionist, capable of falling into every Expressionist trap and of scaling a good many of the Expressionist heights.

The late Tirzah Garwood (Arts Council Gallery) possessed one of those little talents that are precious because they are so simple and so unambitious. She suggests a child at large in an adult

world by which she is neither frightened nor puzzled. Her eyes were innocent, which makes her look, superficially, like a Sunday painter: but her heart, being equally innocent, fills her paintings with childish excitement. Certainly not an Expressionist, for Expressionists are never innocent: nor an Impressionist, for they never let their hearts influence them. There is a third kind of artist—the naive Romantic—who can never belong to either category.

Among the numerous mixed exhibitions two deserve special mention. One is a collection of nineteenth- and early twentieth-century French pictures at Reid and Lefèvre's which contains most of the names from Boudin to Braque that one would hope to find in such a show, but most of the works are refreshingly unfamiliar and many of them provide fascinating proof that a strong national tradition can break down the boundaries between personalities. There is a Pissarro that might be a Courbet, a Renoir that only just escapes being a Boudin and a Bonnard that is nearly a Renoir.

The other exhibition is a cross-section of contemporary English drawings and watercolours at the Kensington Art Gallery, St. Mary Abbot's Terrace. It is a quiet, catholic selection. It contains much that is traditional but very little that is mediocre, and the best of it is very good indeed—a far more representative display of our characteristic national medium than can be found in the annual exhibitions of the societies that specialise in watercolour. Look especially for the Meninskys, the Pitchforths and a delicate drawing by Gilbert Spencer. Some of the sculpture, too, is excellent.

The subject to be discussed at the Present Question Conference, which meets at Lady Margaret Hall, Oxford, from August 2-9, is 'Conflict of Loyalties'. An application form to attend the conference may be obtained from 37, Middleway, London, N.W.11.

Letters to the Editor

The Editor welcomes letters on broadcasting subjects or topics arising out of articles or talks printed in THE LISTENER but reserves the right to shorten letters for reasons of space

Rudyard Kipling: a New Aspect

Sir,—I greatly enjoyed listening to the admirable talk by my old friend, Bonamy Dobrée on 'Rudyard Kipling: A New Aspect' and afterwards reading it in THE LISTENER. I must however, protest against his allusion to my treatment of Kipling in my book *Crisis in English Poetry, 1880-1940*. I think it fair to point out that nowhere in that volume do I call Kipling 'an apostle of brute force'. The words are Professor Dobrée's, not mine. In a discussion of Kipling's poetry, which occupies several pages, I draw attention to a number of aspects of his poetry which seem to me significant in my context, and, in my summary, write the following words, which are presumably the origin of Professor Dobrée's phrase: 'He was a considerable poet, but he sacrificed his genius to a soul-destroying creed, which denied the inner life, and led to the worship of brute force'. This is, surely, very different from calling him 'an apostle of brute force'. I am careful to add a little lower down that he 'was far too honest and humane to be a Fascist'. One might very well say that Milton sacrificed his genius to a Puritanism and an idea of the classical epic that later led to some unpleasant results, but this would be very far from the same thing as calling Milton 'an apostle of Victorian stuffiness and bad blank verse'.—Yours, etc.,
Nottingham University V. de S. PINTO

Sir,—I feel there is much in the suggestion made in the interesting talk by Professor Dobrée, 'Rudyard Kipling: a New Aspect', that the boyish misery at Southsea had to do with the author's capacity for entering into the experience of mental pain. Perhaps the fear of early death, felt so strongly as a youth in India and expressed in the grim poem 'The Undertaker's Horse', was a factor, too.

His habit of using hyperbolic language must have come from a familiarity with the Bible which he used in some odd ways.

With regard to the story 'The Gardener' it was an unfortunate slip to say that the young soldier whose grave Helen Turrell was visiting was her natural son; much of the poignancy of the story derives from the fact that he was the illegitimate son of a prodigal brother, whom she had brought up to know that he was not her own boy. I like to read the story with the conviction that Kipling realised that the only healing for sorrow was in the Divine compassion and that he had come to that conviction through the deep sorrow occasioned by the loss of his son John, in the first world war.—Yours, etc.,
Chingford H. L. BENNELL

The Legacy of Samuel Butler

Sir,—I am sure that we are all very much indebted to E. M. Forster for his eloquent appraisal of Samuel Butler, but I cannot help feeling that his easy dismissal of the Butler-Darwin evolution controversy would have displeased Butler. It was not so much a matter of upholding Lamarckism that drew Butler's wit and scorn: it was Darwin trying to 'pitchfork mind out of the universe'. Butler certainly had, as E. M. Forster points out, 'no use for dogmas'

and perhaps he foresaw what we see today: the dogma of evolution. If Butler were with us now he would find plenty of room for further speculation along his own particular line, and it would surely have interested him to read the editorial in the medical press on June 4, 1952, in which his name was mentioned, adverting to the 'intelligence' of the body and the 'experience' of antibiotic-resistant bacteria. His controversy with Darwin should not be missed because of the present-day suggestion that modern science has put his ideas into total eclipse. We shall find much of his real legacy there.—Yours, etc.,
London, W.1 H. CLEMENTS

'Othello', a Tragedy of Honour

Sir,—In THE LISTENER'S report of his broadcast, '“Othello”, a Tragedy of Honour', Professor E. M. Wilson sets out to show that 'honour, not jealousy, (is) the central theme in the play', and bases his interpretation of the play on contemporary and slightly later Spanish plays. No doubt these plays have had some effect, though the theme of honour came into Elizabethan drama at least as early as 1584 in Kyd's 'The Spanish Tragedy', and I venture to suggest that his thesis has led him astray in his interpretation of a crucial passage.

He writes: 'Othello made clear the conception of different sorts of honour in his great speech "Had it pleas'd Heaven" . . .'. But surely this is an unjustifiable construction of the speech. Othello is obviously comparing himself with Job; he imagines various forms of 'affliction' with which it might have pleased Heaven 'to try' him, and dishonour in the sense Professor Wilson means is the penultimate of a long list of these. He groans aloud at the thought, but it is not the centre of his grief: 'Yet, could I bear that too! Well, very well'. What he cannot bear is to lose his love for Desdemona. 'When I love thee not', he had said earlier, 'Chaos is come again'. That is what has now happened.

There where I have garnered up my heart
Where either I must live or bear no life
The fountain from the which my current runs
Or else dries up—to be discarded thence
Or keep it as a cistern for foul toads
To hunt and gender in!

Patience in this case looks 'grim as Hell'. This seems to me quite explicit; it is his love for a lovely being that he must keep, or go down into a pit of hideous defilement of soul. And this interpretation allows his tragedy its 'lightening before death'; for Othello, convinced that Iago has lied, wins back his 'fountain' and 'dies upon a kiss'. From the moment he is sure of Desdemona's purity he regains his dignity. Desdemona, on the other hand, has never wavered in her love. 'His scorn I approve', she had quoted to Emilia, and as Wordsworth knew, 'There is a comfort in the strength of love'. She pleads for life, for time, not for her own sake so much as for his. Othello kills her—not from jealousy, not to avenge his honour, but because he believes, she has become a plague-spot; she 'will betray more men'. He wishes to save her from further degradation and the world from the villainess she engenders.

Throughout the play it is Iago who is always

harping on honour; he even gives it as his own motive in a soliloquy, 'For I fear Cassio with my nightcap too' (i.e., as well as Othello). Further—a very curious point—his end is like that of the old 'revenge' play heroes. His last speech in reply to Othello's demands is, 'Demand me nothing. What you know, you know. From this time forth I never will speak word'. Now in 'The Spanish Tragedy' old Hieronimo bites out his tongue at the end, as the Spanish King thinks, 'Rather than to reveal what we required'. That this refusal of the man of honour to speak under duress was the accepted convention is clear from Falstaff's words in the great tavern scene in 'Henry IV' Part I. Giving a comic impersonation of the man of honour, he avoids having to explain why he came to run away on Gadshill by refusing to answer questions 'upon compulsion'. 'Zotnds were I at the strappado or all the racks in the world I would not tell you upon compulsion'.

The theme of honour, without sexual connotation, had played a great part in Shakespeare's plays up to about 1600. In 'Julius Caesar' Antony's funeral oration with its reiterated 'Brutus is an honourable man' is the crash, as it were, with which the orchestra gives out the dominant theme, and he is finally answered by the crowd's 'Honourable men! Murderers!' Shakespeare had always been doubtful of honour as an ethical standard, and after 'Julius Caesar' the words 'noble' and 'nobleness' generally replace it. Nobleness is a condition of the soul, and in Othello it is the loss of his own noble composure of soul in consequence of the shattering of his belief in Desdemona's that constitutes Othello's hell.—Yours, etc.,
Oxford JANET SPENS

Battle with the Sand

Sir,—Mr. Stone's talk on Les Landes, printed in THE LISTENER of June 12, attributes the name of the local poke-bonnet, *keesnotte*, to the gallantry of Wellington's troops in the days of the Peninsular War.

Last autumn, when grape picking in the champagne region, I was presented with the local peasant *keeshnou* as protection against the sun. The word is derived from the streamers that gather it in on the nape and tie it under the chin, *qui se noue*.

I suspect Mr. Stone's romantic derivation, and suggest that his bonnet has the same practical origin as mine.—Yours, etc.,

London, S.W.3 MADGE WINTERBOTHAM

English Poetry since 1939

Sir,—I am editing an anthology of English poetry since 1939, to be published by the Student Christian Movement Press. This will not be restricted to poets who are Christians, nor to work of a specifically religious character. I should be glad to receive MSS. of poems for possible inclusion, particularly from poets under thirty. These should be sent, as soon as possible, to me, c/o the S.C.M. Press, 56-58 Bloomsbury Street, W.C.1. Those who wish their manuscripts to be returned, should enclose a stamped and addressed envelope.—Yours, etc.,
London, W.C.1 JOHN HEATH-STUBBS

The Riddle of Corvo

By H. C. BAINBRIDGE

THERE is no adventure to equal that among the minds of men. For this reason I must account the year 1899 as a fortunate one for it introduced me to a man who was a puzzle then and has been ever since. At that time I was lodging at 69 Broadhurst Gardens, Hampstead, where I shared a sitting-room with my friend, Edward Slaughter. One evening late in August I was playing the piano after my evening meal, when I walked Slaughter accompanied by a stranger. Dressed in an old mackintosh, with carpet slippers on his feet, a muffler round his neck, and wearing spectacles, covering what I was to know well in after years, his eagle eyes, there was that about him which aroused one's curiosity at once.

Said Slaughter: 'I wish you would entertain my friend while I go out to confession', and with that he departed, leaving me with what seemed an awkward job on hand. But my visitor in his rather odd shy manner made himself easy at once. 'Do go on playing', he said, and with that he sat down and began to roll a cigarette. I returned to the piano. As I strummed out Tchaikovsky I wondered how I might entertain this stranger, who so suddenly had been brought to my notice without even a mention of his name. It crossed my mind that recently I had read a story in a magazine of a man who had been buried alive and I turned on my stool and told him something about it. 'Do read it to me', he said. As I proceeded with the story he listened intently, smoking his cigarette, looking down all the time. When I closed the magazine he raised his eyes, and with a chuckle in his voice said: 'I wrote it'.

That was my first introduction to Frederick William Rolfe, self-styled Frederick Baron Corvo. In a day or two's time he wrote to me from 2a Marlborough Road, Bedford Park, W.:

While Slaughter's away, I wish you would invite me to stay with you, because I'm stony broke. My book must be finished at once, without delay. Davis puts me up till Thursday and I'm writing all the time. On Friday he has some other visitors coming and I shall have to turn out. I've no money to go anywhere and that will be fatal to my book. So I wish you'd ask me to stay with you. I only want to sit tight—and write—morning, noon and night. . . .

I told him to come along and received the following from the Hogarth Club, 175 Bond Street, W., dated 'Feast of St. Partridge, 1899':

You're a brick. I'll come Saturday some time. I shan't be any trouble to amuse, I want to shut myself up in a bedroom and write AND WRITE, eating bread and butter and drinking milk. I do more work that way. Tell them to expect me on Saturday. . . .

Birthplace of a Masterpiece

When Corvo arrived I took him up to the attic room looking out on to the street; not because I wanted to get rid of him, it seemed the best place to serve his purpose. Little did I think as I took him there that, except for a few weeks with Dr. Hardy, then Vice-Principal of Jesus College, Oxford, and his friend of over twenty years, he was to make that room his home for the next four years, with Slaughter and me jointly responsible for him: that of all the places in his strange wanderings which in the past had given him sanctuary and in the future were to, it was to prove of more significance to him than any other, and that in it he was to write his masterpiece, *Hadrian the Seventh*.

Whenever a man has done something unusually brilliant—and especially does this seem to be so in the literary field—it is natural that we should ask ourselves: 'What manner of man is this?' If he should turn out to be a particularly queer creature, then little by little we become so absorbed in his private life we lose interest altogether in what he wrote about and eventually the subject-matter of his writing is forgotten altogether except perhaps among a very few. And more, when a man says 'I cultivate my prominences' others are given plenty to punch.

This is the case with Corvo and those like him. His private life has been ransacked. Many of those who knew him have put down their portion. To some he was without blemish, to others he was the very

devil. And the late A. J. A. Symons has written about him brilliantly and sympathetically in his book *The Quest for Corvo*. And yet enquiry still proceeds unabated. In whatever society I find myself today sooner or later one demand invariably is made of me: 'Do tell us more about Corvo'.

It has been said that 'to penetrate the abyss of any human personality is impossible'. This is true. We can get so far and then come to a final dead end and are still left with a mystery. Like so many men of brilliance who have contributed to our pleasure and advancement, Corvo had implanted in him what has been called 'the blessed curse of genius'. I propose to make an attempt to tell you what I think this was. But before doing so it is well that I should put on record my lasting impressions of him. First there was his personality. He had only to walk into a room for you to appreciate the force of it at once; so forceful indeed that you were left with the impression that his body was too frail to contain it. It burst clean through the shy manner of the man whether he would or no. He never talked about his work, at any rate to me. But he took every opportunity to read to me his best bits, sometimes breaking in on my slumbers in the middle of the night, sometimes coming all the way to Bushey Heath, after I had left Hampstead, to impart some particularly telling paragraphs. I did not know then that I was in at the first reading of *The Chronicles of the House of Borgia*, now a rare book, and *Hadrian the Seventh*.

'Abstemious and Conscientious'

To many it will be quite unbelievable that I found him the most reasonable, abstemious and conscientious of men, taking what pleasures were available to him in the simplest manner. For instance, when Henry Harland sent him his yearly Christmas present of two guineas he always gave me the cheque to cash, and afterwards told me he had spent the money on a Turkish bath, buying some tobacco, and having his boots soled. When he was commissioned by an American paper to write a particularly scathing article on Father Carlyle of the Church Army, he told me at supper one night that he dare not do it. In the end he sent in an article extolling Carlyle to the skies and so lost his money, of which he was as usual very badly in need. An example of his virile, masculine nature was his weekly trot from Hampstead to the Serpentine, swimming across, and then breakfasting with Harland in Kensington. On the other hand his feminine nature also was at times very much to the fore. When walking with you he would take your arm and cling to you, trotting beside you with somewhat mincing steps. Any display of masculine prowess on your part was particularly enjoyable to him. I remember one incident after a sunny day on the river when, at Taplow station, I lifted a drunken man from the railway carriage on to the platform and left him there. He chuckled about this all the way to Paddington.

Then there was his behaviour towards women. When he visited me for the week ends at Bushey Heath, he would gambol with my sisters for hours, telling them stories and their horoscopes. But leave him alone with any one of them, and he took flight at once, frightened to death. But if the presence of a woman put him to flight, to confront him with a child was to turn him to stone. It is true what he says of himself in *Hadrian the Seventh*, 'He, the Supreme Pontiff, was prostrate before the seraphic majesty of the Child'. I remember one of our number at 69 Broadhurst Gardens once brought along his young daughter. When she was introduced to Corvo he stood petrified, not uttering a word.



Frederick William Rolfe ('Frederick Baron Corvo'), about 1899

If one had suddenly confronted him with the Kingdom of Heaven he could not have appeared more confounded.

That brings me to that 'blessed curse' which lifted him if not to an immortal place, at any rate to a unique place, in English literature and finally destroyed him body and soul in Venice, where we now know he fell utterly from grace and died in 1913. I do not propose to go into this last ghastly chapter of his life. I had lost sight of him by then for nearly ten years: besides, all the details are available in Symons' book. What interests me after reading *Hadrian the Seventh* many times and drawing on my own experience of Corvo is the fact that I am able to come to a reasonable conclusion on what was the primary cause of his strange, bewildering behaviour and career. It was this.

Outwardly shaped as a man, within, his nature was both masculine and feminine, equally divided. He was thus in possession of that which goes for creation. It was this peculiar combination of the two sexes which gave him access to those niceties of knowledge which made the foibles of his fellow men such irresistible targets. But to have the clash of sex breaking out continually within him, a clash in which he of his own will took no part, can by no means have been a comfortable state of affairs, to say the least. He must have lived in a constant state of extreme vexation of body and spirit. In fact he tells you so in *Hadrian the Seventh*. 'He was not as other men', he says. 'He was a thing apart. More. He was a thing to be avoided. That was His trouble'.

Creation by Irritation

And here I have to suggest that you come to the kernel of the whole matter—irritation. In support of this suggestion I would remind you of one fact only. When an all-providing Providence set out to produce the pearl, It excited its creation by means of irritation. We do well, therefore, to accept with humility and grace that which has been provided for us at such a cost, and not to pry too much into those strange upheavals which an Almighty Providence has thought necessary to inflict upon a few in order to bring to light the best for the benefit of the many. *Hadrian the Seventh*, written under the name of Rolfe, is one of the most brilliant attempts ever made on the part of a man to seek compensation in the written word for that which has been denied to him in real life. Corvo yearned for one thing alone, priesthood in the Roman Catholic Church. As this was not vouchsafed to him he turned to literature, elected himself Pope, as *Hadrian the Seventh*, wrote his 'nude and vivid' Epistles to All Christians, to the English, Americans, Germans, Italians and the Princes, and so ruled Christendom: a job at which he appears to have proved himself remarkably adept.

Hadrian the Seventh has dazzled many literary minds. One reviewer has said this: 'It is hard to gauge the man's astounding powers of superb make-believe. He was the pageant and the producer. He was the play and the actor. All the parts were his and on his self he himself turned the pitiless, the complimentary or the satanic spotlight'. D. H. Lawrence has said: 'The book remains a clear and definite book of our epoch, not to be swept aside. If it is the book of a demon, as contemporaries said, it is the book of a man demon, not a mere poseur. And if some of it is caviare, at least it came out of the belly of a live fish'. That was what was the matter with Corvo. He was too much alive. His sense of the ridiculous was far too acute and he was far too given to saying precisely what he meant ever to hope to earn a livelihood. 'He saw that most men lived in mist; and preferred it: that most men durst not see clearly, because their business and social interest would not stand it'. And again: 'As for the Faith I found it comfortable. As for the Faithful I found them intolerable'. I wish I might continue with many 'pungently palate-tickling little speeches', some of which 'slap like sleet', some serving merely as 'fringes for footstools', to borrow from Corvo, but there is no time.

We come then to the main theme of the book, which permeates the whole volume and has been largely missed; it is of course 'The Personal Responsibility of the Individual', and 'That Phantom, Uniformity', as Corvo puts it:

The world found the Epistle to All Christians very piquant, not on account of novelty, but because of the nude vivid candour with which old and trite truths were enunciated dogmatically. Christianity, the Pope proclaimed, was a great deal more than a mere ritual service. It extended to every part of human life; and its rules must regulate Christians in all matters of principle and practice. He laid great stress on the assertion of the principle of the Personal Responsibility of the Individual. It was quite unavoidable, quite incapable of being shifted on to societies or servants. Each soul would have to render its own account

to its Creator. . . . He condemned all attempts at uniformity as unnatural Crimes, because they insulted the Divine intelligence, Which had deigned to differentiate His creatures. . . . He considered the immense strength of the single verse, 'Let every man be fully persuaded in his own mind'.

And again:

His (the Pope's) sentence, 'Cultivate and help to cultivate individuality, at your own expense if possible, but never at the expense of your brother' was highly disapproved of. Where did the Rights of Man come in? But then Hadrian was quite certain that Christians actually had no worldly 'rights' at all.

And lastly:

It (the Pontifical Breve) proclaimed the dogma of Equality as scientifically, historically and obviously false and impracticable: as a diabolical delusion for the ruin of souls. Hadrian did not soar away in metaphysical intricacies, but confined His argument to the broad highway, whereon the ordinary man might walk at ease. Infinite difference, He said, was the note of the Divine Creator's scheme. Not equality, but diversity, of physique, of intellect, of condition, was man's birthright. One man was not as good as another: he generally was a great deal better—as every man well knew. The claim to equality was so indecently unjust that it could only emanate from inferiors who hoped to gain by degrading their superiors.

If I were asked to put into a sentence what Corvo set himself to convey in *Hadrian the Seventh*, I would say that he attempted to persuade that there were ways of learning other than that from bitter experience. As a writer therefore he courted and achieved complete failure. He was a seer, and seers have always been out of fashion. 'Very often', he says in *Hadrian the Seventh*, 'it happened to Him vividly to dream some scrap or other of something apparently not connected with the present'. Two of these 'scraps' are worth recording, and it is not out of place to end this talk with them. The first concerns the Russian revolution, which Corvo foretold at least fifteen years before the event, in a talk with his cat Flavio in his attic room at Hampstead. Here are some of his words:

The news of Russia was a tale of unparelled ghastliness. . . . 'How exquisitely horrible it is', he said to Flavio, 'and I believe it's perfectly true. The Tsar—well that was to be expected. But the Tsaritzza—though, if ever a woman bore her fate in her face, she did, poor creature. Those dreadful haunted eyes of hers! That hard old young soft face! The innocent babies! How abominably cynically cruel! . . .'

The second 'scrap' concerns the English race. These are Corvo's words written just on fifty years ago:

The Pope affirmed that the English race naturally was fitted to give an example to humanity. In particular, He categorically distinguished its solid worth, its dignified good sense, its deliberate tenacity, its imperturbable habit, its superb impassiveness in reverses, its stoical firmness under the most cruel deceptions, its unshaken determination to conquer under any circumstances.

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Discovery

How still I was among the hundred flowers,
As on the moss we slept away the hours!
And when I woke how passionately I gazed
Over the stream's edge, where we saw, amazed,
A frozen mammoth—an enormous ghost
Who moved his trunk in search of something lost
A thousand centuries ago; whose eye
Was still cast down from the eternal sky
To treacherous earth which swallows life away.
For him, in a dark bell of ice below,
All climate ceased, yet he survived the snow.
That drifted through the ages without sound,
While all his kind were smothered on the ground.
Now, risen like black legend from night winds,
He mingled kings and debris in our minds.

We pulled him with our chains on to the bank,
And, as we touched his slaty ears and flank,
He turned his extinct heart, and once more to extinction sank.

DIANA WITHERBY
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The Impact of Science on Society

By Bertrand Russell.

Allen and Unwin. 7s. 6d.

WRITERS WHO TRACE OUT the effects of science and technology on ourselves and our descendants are not among the most encouraging and optimistic of mankind. It is one of the merits of this book that its author is less gloomy on these matters than Dean Inge, H. G. Wells and Sir Charles Darwin. Granted that if we act properly there is hope, and even more than hope, for the west. The subject is not an easy one for a reader to make up his mind on. If the author holds forth on the tremendous benefits that have accrued to us in the past through scientific invention and discovery—penicillin, chloroform, the aeroplane, the telephone—the reader is apt inconveniently to think of bacterial warfare, atomic bombs, poison gas and road casualties. If, on the other hand, he gets tired of being told that human life is a brief, small, transitory phenomenon in an obscure corner of a vast universe, he cannot help reflecting that life, for him, at times, is a mighty fine thing, and, as he remembers that life doesn't seem to be obvious anywhere but on this 'seventh-rate planet around a third-rate star', he notes that he and his fellows are at least at the moral centre of such things as are.

Bertrand Russell gave the substance of this book originally as lectures and that explains the occasional gibe and trenchant, exaggerated statement that the reader may notice in the clear, pithy, witty writing. His topics are science and tradition, science and war, science and values, and the effects of scientific technique in an oligarchy and in a democracy. In his final chapter he discusses whether a scientific society can be stable. He shows that science now offers the possibility of far greater well-being for humanity than it has ever known before. But only if war can be avoided, if political and other power be more wisely distributed than it is now, and if the population of the world be kept within certain limits. It is largely due to our ignorance and incompetence, he thinks, that we have so far survived. Now that we know so much, now that we have terrifying weapons in our hands, it may well happen that a future world war or two will wipe humanity out.

The author sees us at present in the middle of a race between science as to means and human folly as to ends. One obvious reason for our real or supposed plight is that we have not grown in wisdom and in grace as we have in knowledge and technology. In transport, as Wells used to remind us, we have progressed in recent years from the coach and horse to motors and aeroplanes, while in mental organisation we have merely multiplied our coaches and horses and livery stables. In grace and wisdom we have hardly progressed at all. This is all true. But how often do writers on the impact of science on society put in a good word for wisdom and grace? These things lie outside of science, they tell us, so they need not be emphasised, or, alternatively, while they have made some headway with ourselves and our friends, they seem, unfortunately, to make no progress with foreigners and those who dislike us. Throughout this book the author identifies religion mainly with fanaticism, which he regards as one of the major evils of today. He sees little to choose between Christianity and Communism as bases of this evil.

On one or two technical points he is astray. He points out the pressing need for the conservation of our resources in oil and metals and laments the fact that tin cannot go on being

mined for ever. But it is one thing to use up petrol, quite another to dig tin out of the mines. The use of the first destroys it for good; the mining of a metal brings it into use. Metals, properly used, don't disappear. They can't be annihilated. Again, the author talks of the hydrogen bomb as if it were an evil edition of the uranium bomb. Perhaps it may be. But all we know of this 'bomb' at present, or are likely to know for many years, is that it is one of the most conspicuously innocent and beneficent things that nature has ever made. It is the main source of sunshine in the sun and stars. Is anyone on the Earth one penny the worse for the constant stream of light and heat and tan that results from the 'bombing' of hydrogen to produce helium in the sun? There, in this way, at the expense of a little matter (easily spared) that is destroyed, abundant energy is produced.

Solitary Confinement. By Christopher

Burney. Clerke and Cockeran. 9s. 6d.

In 1943 Mr. Burney was sent on a special mission into occupied France and, after contacting many vital members of the Underground, was captured by the Germans and imprisoned at Suresnes. For eighteen months he lived in one small room, with a starvation diet and no more exercise than he could get by walking up and down his cell. Twice he left the cell for interrogation by the Gestapo and managed to outwit them by giving them a false story. But *Solitary Confinement* is not simply one more book of a familiar kind, and the encounters with the Gestapo are incidental to its purpose. It is a book about the human mind—and body—stretched to its ultimate point before collapse, and about the reorganisation of the spirit which is inevitable if life is to be endured.

At first the great problems of the soul, quite naturally, did not concern Mr. Burney. He would plan imaginary journeys, trying to remember every town and village he would have to pass through, go over all the names of the counties and rivers of England, and suchlike mind occupiers. Occasionally the daily ration of lavatory paper would contain pages from a book and these he would avidly read and speculate on them. Then the padre gave him a Bible and this he read through from cover to cover three times. He was, apparently, an agnostic and neither his sufferings nor his reading of the Bible brought him to any change of position. Indeed the Bible seems to have encouraged him to retain his position.

But the great result of this ordeal has been the creation of a deep and special mind, for the book is written with a quiet, grave beauty which is most moving. Mr. Burney was evidently, already, the 'artistic' type at the time of his imprisonment, but had then no inclination to write. In prison he conformed to this type by never thinking of the possibilities of escape and finally resenting the intrusion into his privacy of the man in the cell next door who began to tap out a dull babble of small talk on the wall. *Solitary Confinement* has, in fact, none of the extrovert glitter of *The Wooden Horse*, but its narrative flow is as gripping; one day it may rank as a masterpiece of its kind.

The British Film Industry

A Report undertaken and published by P.E.P. 18s.

This detailed and responsible report on the economic history and present position of the British feature film industry was undertaken by

Political and Economic Planning at the invitation of the British Film Institute, which shared with P.E.P. the cost of the necessary research. It is a successor to P.E.P.'s previous study, *The Factual Film*, which was published in 1947 and examined in a similar way the position at that time of documentary film-making in Britain.

The present report offers as complete an analysis of the production, distribution and exhibition of feature films in this country as has yet been published, but does not set out to solve the problems it examines. That is left to the reader, who has previously had to rely for his information on the reports of the various governmental film committees published by the Stationery Office, in which many solutions were offered to the producers' ills, on the trade press, on the propaganda pamphlets put out by various bodies inside and outside the industry, and on a few statistical publications like that published in 1949 by the British Film Academy.

The industry's semi-private affairs fascinate the public like the semi-private lives of the stars. Years of publicity (mainly though not entirely from overseas) have built up in the minds of film-goers that the industry is both fabulous in character and irresponsibly extravagant; now that evil times have fallen so spectacularly on the film-maker the curious economy of this art-industry has become everyone's puzzle-corner, for the high reputation of British films has grown in inverse proportion to their financial stability. The facts emerging from this report are clear enough: British producers do not earn enough money at the box office in Britain and overseas to make production a reasonable business gamble. They only receive about 3d. out of every 1s. 9d. paid in Britain to see a British programme.

So long as this position obtains (and neither the Treasury nor the various participating sections of the industry are prepared to reduce their share of the takings) production will require various forms of loan and subsidy of the kind that operate at present to meet and amortise production costs, however unextravagant these may now be. The few obvious solutions (like, for example, taxing the exhibition of British films at a lower rate than imported films) are for various cogent reasons impossible to administer or totally unacceptable to either the British or the American interests involved. All this the report makes very clear indeed, and its account on pages 253-5 of how an independent producer sets about collecting the necessary capital to make a film reads like an Elizabethan piratical expedition, and finds its true economic parallel, as P.E.P. points out, in the days of the Merchant Adventurers.

Yet everyone agrees a solution must be found to keep film production in this country solvent, for no one wants Hollywood to occupy, as it once did, virtually the whole of the programme-time of British cinemas. If the obvious solutions prove impossible to effect, then the less obvious, like the present Eady plan of a post-distribution subsidy to producers made available out of a small levy collected through the Entertainments tax, must be applied until the confidence of the investor in production is re-established and the turn-over of film making is once more stabilised. And this means government intervention, for it is grossly unfair for the Treasury to take so much in taxation out of an industry whose small reserve of skilled productive workers is faced with a situation during the past few years in which they are lucky to work twenty weeks out of fifty-two. In so far as this impartial report allows its analysis to make certain lines of action

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clear, this governmental duty emerges from P.E.P.'s examination of the present ills of the industry.

The first part of the report details in a hundred pages the historical development of the industry from its beginnings until 1943. The second part, called 'The Topical Background', explains the views of the various post-war Governmental Committees and the various forms of Government aid to the industry, the structure of the main production groups in Britain, the power of the cinema circuits, and the degree of American involvement in British film affairs. The third and last part deals with the operation of the industry—the cinema, their audiences, their programmes and their economics; film distribution; the overseas market; the economics of contemporary feature film production. To obtain some of the statistics quoted must have involved a high degree of detective work, for the industry is notoriously elusive when it comes to providing hard figures, partly through understandable shyness and partly because most of the relevant statistics have to pass through the three distinct branches of production, distribution and exhibition, and lose most of their clarity in the process. The fact that this report has been praised for its responsibility by producers and exhibitors alike testifies to its impartiality and to the efficiency of the research work behind it.

The Need For Roots: Prelude to a Declaration of Duties Towards Mankind. By Simone Weil.
With a Preface by T. S. Eliot.
Routledge and Kegan Paul. 18s.

Shortly after her arrival in England late in 1942 Simone Weil was asked by the Free French in London to write a report on the possibilities of bringing about the regeneration of France. To this task she devoted herself during the early months of 1943 and in this book we have the fruits of her labour, the last of her life, since she died later in the year. Anyone less passionately devoted to truth than she might well have been deflected from basic spiritual issues by political or partisan considerations. How impervious she was to such pressures is well shown by the justice of her understanding alike of the collaborator and the resister, not to say of Hitler himself. And although she was concerned primarily with the history and downfall of France, the disease, which she set herself to diagnose, was essentially that of Western civilisation. The function of France was, in her view, 'to think out what it is the world requires'. And that was what she set herself to do.

Her book falls into three parts. In the first she considered those needs of the soul which correspond with the body's need of food, sleep and warmth, such needs as order, liberty, obedience, honour, security, risk, and private and collective property. Her treatment of each of these needs is original and penetrating and always in relation to the values of a world beyond time. Characteristically she included punishment among them, and her conviction that truth is the most sacred need of all leads her even to suggest the setting up of courts to judge and punish any avoidable error in a printed text or radio broadcast. In Part two she studied the causes of uprootedness in town, countryside, and nation, in particular money, education as understood nowadays, industrialism, and conquest. In writing of the sacrifice of the spiritual well-being of the workman to the interests of capitalist and consumer she drew on her own hard experience at the Renault works, and her plea for the decentralising of industry and the building up of an industrial population of a new kind is reinforced with practical and constructive suggestions.

But when she came to nationhood and the necessity of a new kind of patriotism she failed to deal adequately with one of the basic issues. She believed that the pagan virtue of patriotism was poison to the soul of a Christian and no one could have repudiated more strongly the cruelties of military conquest, whether perpetrated by the Romans or her fellow countrymen in the past. Yet it is hard to see how the patriotism inspired by compassion which she commends, could be reconciled with the methods of modern warfare, even before the climax of obliteration and atom bombing. One would have thought that so passionate a devotee of Christ would at least have recognised the force of the argument for a creative pacifism. Her failure to do so gives her less right to denounce the modern state for suppressing everything that might be loved, and less power to wring a really new inspiration out of the agony into which mankind had plunged. But hers was not a prophetic mind; it was one which in its recoil from the horrors of the present searched the past to recover a lost organic truth.

In the last part of her book she pleaded for the regeneration of science as 'a form of religious contemplation' and 'the study of the beauty of the world', and of religion released from the interested enslavement of orthodoxy. But her book must be read as much as an expression of herself as a searching tract for the times. It contains some 'sweeping, exaggerated statements, which betray the fanatical strain in her intellectual genius. She died too young for the spiritual humility and obedience to the truth, which she valued above all things, to quell wholly her mental pride. But only one who aspired to the integrity of sainthood could have seen so clearly the causes of her country's disintegration and the cost of any lasting cure.

The Artist at Work

By H. Ruhemann and E. M. Kemp.
Penguin Books. 8s. 6d.

Those who write about painting commonly set out with a galaxy of prejudices which, when adorned by whatever taste, sense and erudition the critic may possess, may be raised to the dignity of a formal theory. This approach to art criticism has its advantages; it informs the exponent with healthy animosity; it provides him with a critical engine, it makes for sincerity and vigour and it produces essays which are very suitable for the instructed reader. But to seek elementary instruction from a theorist armed in this fashion may be in the highest degree dangerous. A primer must be impartial even at the risk of being tedious.

There is, therefore, a great deal to be said for a book addressed to the layman and which approaches the subject from a reasonably neutral angle (to ask more would be absurd) and this is what Mr. Ruhemann and Miss Kemp provide. Their neutrality derives from a technological interest. They give us a brief account of European painting during the past 600 years and seem moved to this enterprise, not so much by an interest in the end products of painting, as by the processes of manufacture. Mr. Ruhemann is famous as a restorer and preserver of pictures; his attitude is, therefore, mainly scientific; but it is not wholly scientific, for the business of tending and treating works of art demands, not only science, but taste and it is sometimes hard to separate the technical from the aesthetic judgments that the restorer must make.

The impartial objectivity, which is a part of these authors' equipment, is sufficient to give their book candour and lucidity of thought. For the most part they are willing to stand back and point to their numerous illustrations, allowing us to form our own judgments and supplying, by means of an informed commentary, a happy

juxtaposition of comparisons, some ingenious reconstruction and x-ray photographs, the evidence which leads us naturally to the conclusions of their argument.

But the difficulty of separating technical from aesthetic judgments is fully reflected in the text. The fashion in which the Italians set to work and the way in which their manner of preparing surfaces and laying on paint differs from that of the Dutch and the way in which both differ from the Impressionists, are inextricably involved in the varying aesthetic preoccupations of these schools. There are passages in which the authors appear, almost, to equate the use of dangerous colours with the adoption of faulty principles. In other places we are given a perfectly straightforward expression of aesthetic theory as the authors conceive it; this is done with taste, moderation and modesty. In the introduction we are carefully warned of the necessary fallibility of personal judgments and are very properly reminded that small reproductions provide no more than a starting point for the student. This warning may be felt by some to be particularly necessary in view of the dogmatic tone on which the book ends.

This is undoubtedly a most valuable work from which both painters and students can learn a great deal. One must regretfully add that much that these authors have to say is expressed in a style so careless as to be, at times, obscure.

Carl Linnaeus

By Knut Hagberg. Cape. 18s.

Of the achievement of Carl Linnaeus, or von Linné as he later became, the average reader will probably have a rather hazy notion. He will be aware, of course, that there exists a Linnean System and that it has something to do with the classification of plants and animals, but he would be embarrassed if he were asked to give even the briefest outline of that system: of Linnaeus the man he will probably know absolutely nothing. Knut Hagberg, in his readable biography, does not set out to give a detailed account of what modern science owes to the great Swedish systematist, though he manages to provide a simple but clear sketch of the method by which he brought order out of chaos; his intention is primarily to draw a picture of the man and his environment. In this he is on the whole successful, though there are moments when puppet-strings are visible against a Swedish backdrop which is too obviously painted by hand.

Linnaeus the man is a figure full of contradictions. Against the great virtue of his single-minded devotion to his calling must be set a number of rather disagreeable traits. He is boastful, and often untruthful, exaggerating the discomforts of his journey to Lapland till they read like the hardships of a polar expedition; he never admitted a debt to a predecessor, owing much more to the French botanist Vaillant, for example, than he wished the world to know; he married a wife whose principal attraction was her dowry, and watched her grow more cross-grained and vixenish with the passing of the years. Though he was a religious man, he brought his dog with him to church and trained it to bark the vicar down when the sermon had gone on long enough. Modesty was not his forte; here is a catalogue of his achievements (compiled by himself):

'None before him has pursued his profession with greater zeal and had more *audaces*.

'None before him has made more observations in nature-study.

'None before him has made more solid insight into all the three kingdoms of nature.

The list, which fills a page, rises in a steady crescendo of self-adulation to its climax:

'None before him has become more renowned all over the world.'

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An interesting chapter in Mr. Hagberg's book deals with the circumstances under which Linnaeus' library and entire collection of specimens left Sweden for London. The author bears us no malice; indeed he thanks us for caring for these unique treasures which, like the Elgin Marbles, might have fared less happily if they had remained in their native land.

Linnaeus' prose style is at times vivid and

colloquial, at times biblical, and on occasions so mannered that it achieves something of the charm of one of Mr. Arthur Waley's translations from the Chinese. For example:

'Brown with sorrel are whole fields lying fallow.

'Blue of the brightest colour are the sloping fields covered with *Echium*, so that nothing more resplendent can be imagined.

'Yellow and brightly gleaming are the fields of *Chrysanthemum* [sic], former tilled fields of *Hypericum*, sand-fields of *Stoechas curma*.
'Red as blood are often whole slopes of *Viscaria* ...'

Mr. Alan Blair's translation, here and throughout, appears to be excellent. It is a pity that there is no index, and not even a brief bibliography.

New Novels

Moment of Decision. By S. B. Hough. Hodder and Stoughton. 10s. 6d.

The Desert in the Heart. By Peter Gladwin. Hamish Hamilton. 12s. 6d.

October Island. By William March. Gollancz. 10s. 6d.

WHAT is it that induces the public to seize upon a book and carry it to a success beyond the dreams of publicists? It is very hard to find any common element in best sellers, except that of timing. It is possible to trace a connection between *The Kontiki Expedition*, *The Land and The Sea Around Us*, three works of non-fiction, with apparently little immediate message. They are all concerned with man in his relation to other forms of life, they all hold promise of some sort of survival even if civilisation breaks down. The hope which they inspire is in life itself rather than in the capacity of twentieth-century man to control the forces he has set loose.

To most of us, the present and immediate future appear beyond our control and beyond the control of our leaders. The splendid illusion of individuality has been dissipated. We exist in various classifications, with Code Numbers, Gallup Poll Classifications, Utility Clothing sizes, police or M.I.5 Records; not very vital statistics. The man who considers that anything which he does is of great importance to the human race is written down as suffering from delusions of grandeur, given a course of convulsion therapy and returned to obedient normality on a lower I.Q. level.

This mid-century world provides the novelist with rather unexciting material, because it deprives him of what used to be the foundations of his work, firstly that the actions of a man were important to society and secondly that their effects on himself were spiritually important. In our age of anxious conformity, good and evil boil down to treason and loyalty. Miss Rebecca West, that talented journalist, led off with *The Meaning of Treason*, which should have been subtitled *An Essay in Loyalty*. That even more talented journalist, Mr. Alan Moorehead is following up, I hope more perceptively, with *The Traitors*, a study of Klaus Fuchs, Nunn May and others. Meanwhile Mr. S. B. Hough has written *Moment of Decision*, which though masquerading as a thriller will no doubt be adopted as a Handbook on the Higher Loyalties by future traitors.

I have, perhaps wrongly, come to regard Messrs. Hodder and Stoughton's fiction list as a compendium of light entertainment. How Mr. Hough scraped in, I don't understand. *Moment of Decision* isn't written with any distinction; the writer's whole concern has been to dramatise the scientific, political, moral and security problems aroused by the discovery of a comparatively simple process, which will either provide a belligerent with a knock-out weapon of biological warfare or, humanely used, give mankind as a whole the prospect of micro-biological control.

Mr. Hough is interested only in making his discovery plausible to a layman; one accepts it as the datum in his real problem: what shall John Jagger, the discoverer, do with the knowledge he has acquired? He works in a British research laboratory, started by the Ministry of Health and taken over by the War Department.

He himself is a pacifist, whose training has been assisted by an old school-friend, Groin, a C.P. member. A meeting is arranged in New York, between the British and the American bacteriologists engaged on this research. He has told no one of his discovery. Should he tell Revers, his British boss? Or the Americans who may precipitately use it against the Russians? Or the Russians who may use it against the Western World?

In John Jagger, Mr. Hough has invented a modern character whose actions matter both to himself and to the world. The people who surround him belong in the world of loyalty and treason (those looking-glass virtues); they are convincing, sympathetic, intelligent for the most part. They dispose between them every possible psychological, ideological and national argument. It is Jagger who decides, in a surprising and humane way. *Moment of Decision* seems to me a very good book of the moment, when we are all suffering from indecision. If as many people as I suspect are suffering from the same feeling as I am, of being a neuter in everything except private life, Mr. Hough's fantasy of making a decision that matters will be most deservedly popular.

The Desert in the Heart by Peter Gladwin has a richer texture than *Moment of Decision*. It is better written. The author has thought more about each of the words he has written. It is the story of a strike in an Australian coal town, Gerindery, during the 'thirties, when individuals still believed that they could reach decisions of their own which were important. It is a story of good and evil in this small town. On the side of good are Joe Morgan the strike leader, Doc Hemminger, the poor, unfashionable research man, Fanny Warrender, the dressmaker who is an artist in living. On the side of evil appear the police officer with a neurotic compulsion to 'get' Morgan, Quint the local boss who has already got Morgan (in the sense of inducing him to start a strike which will enable him to sell off 'duff' coal for which there would otherwise be no market), and a host of the evil-minded, holy-righteous, unhappy small-townees. Between the two stands Lambert, the witty, drunken, cynical and sentimental newspaperman, who is the average citizen of the 'fifties, the irresponsible man who hasn't discovered any secret of biological warfare and can only assert his personality by setting the front page of Quint's newspaper with the headline QUINT IS A MURDERER and then taking the next train out of town.

The Desert in the Heart is a very well constructed novel. It is written better than most of the American novels about this subject during the 'thirties (though not so well as John Steinbeck's neglected *In Dubious Battle*). I welcome the book as coming from Australia. But twenty years are surely too many for a novelist in Australia to take to show that things in the days of decision were very much the same in Australia as they were in the U.S.A.

William March made his name in this country with *Company K*, not only the most outstanding American novel of the first world war, but also technically the most original. Since then he has concentrated on stories of his own country, Mobile, Alabama, such as *Come in at the Door* and the very talented but little-known *Song for Harps*. 'I dare to go on believing that William March is a whole ionosphere above Faulkner, and is still the unrecognised genius of our time', quotes the publisher from Alistair Cooke. The comparison is unfortunate. For spiritually March is further from Faulkner than Alabama is from Kentucky. He is concerned in all his work with the entanglement and liberation of the human soul, a theme confined neither in time nor space.

October Island is laid partly in New Orleans and other American cities, but mostly on a mythical Pacific island, the seat of the ancient religion of Shurubast, the worship of the hermaphrodite god, Rahabaat or Sun-and-Moon-in-One. It is the story of how during the 'nineties Irma, the virgin wife of the Reverend Samuel Barnfield, landed on October Island to convert the happy islanders to the fearful creed of the Church of the Gospel Prophets, and how she gradually became the goddess whose coming was prophesied in Shurubast legend as the beginning of the Golden Age. Irma Barnfield is a woman of decision. The left lobe of her brain is not perhaps quite honest with the right lobe, and vice versa. She recognises what she has done quite a long time after she has done it. But she comes to her fulfilment with a quiet, remorseless hypocrisy.

To convey the flavour of this mellow novel defeats me; it is witty and satirical, but at the same time wise and sympathetic. It is beautifully written, but the delicacy of style is unobtrusive. If it would appear blasphemous to a fanatic sectarian, to a rationalist it would appear a work of faith. In a word, *October Island* is universal.

Also recommended: Archibald Colquhoun's translation of *Le Terre del Sacramento* by Francesco Jovine, *The Estate in Abruzzi* (MacGibbon and Kee, 12s. 6d.), a powerful story of the coming of Fascism to a village in Abruzzi, marred by jerkiness of narration on the part of the author and an abundance of misprints like 'middle-aged window' on the part of the compositor. *Black Vanguard* (Peter Davies, 12s. 6d.) is a subtle and amusing study by Edward Atiyah of the marriages of two Mohammedan African undergraduates, one to a beautiful girl of his own tribe, the other to an English lettie. I also enjoyed the fun of *Mr. Khoury* (Constable, 12s. 6d.) by John Bingley. In it, the late war is mirrored in the history of the West African Island Santa Barbara and especially in the rising fortunes of the Syrian merchant Mr. Khoury whose zeal for forwarding the Allied cause regardless of personal loss leaves him the richest man in the island.

ARTHUR CALDER-MARSHALL

CRITIC ON THE HEARTH

Weekly comments on B.B.C. programmes by independent contributors

TELEVISION

Choice of Environment

AS THESE WORDS appear in print upon Thursday, the day when viewers have a chance to see again the play of last Sunday, it seems worth while (otherwise it might not) to refer to 'Haul for the Shore' in the manner of a guide-book. This new play by Jean McConnell stretches out along the yellow sands of time in a cove somewhere west of Cape Trewin, with the local yokels carrying on a fair caution in one of those choreobantic kitchen comedies in which each part is properly overplayed, each bit of domestic business prolonged to the limit, and the worse, in general, the better. How the accents would have struck my august and Cornish colleague in the neighbouring column I am not even prepared to guess, nor will I record my own private reactions. The play is intended for, and may well be enjoyed by, a not too aspiring family party; something to watch in company.

That is true of many little plays of this kind; we have had such a one, about life on a slightly higher social plane, the idealised life of the heroines of those stories in women's magazines, who have such slim waists and fall in love with pipe-smoking men called Jim with impossibly wide shoulders. It was in six parts, was called 'Silk, Satin, Cotton, Rags'; took that pretty Miss Chevreau finally to the altar with Mr. Barry K. Barnes, and found room for such nice people as Anthony Ireland, Gladys Henson and Richard Murdoch by the way, in a smooth production by Douglas Moodie. Well, why not? Life is not all Mozart and Strindberg. But I have to say that these pieces are something of a trial for those who do not watch *en famille*, who watch, as the hated species of

Critic usually has to watch, alone—and yet alive (or nearly so). For the rigours of solitary watching, one tends to prefer the solo performance—be it Marie Ney, Marius Goring, or Terry-Thomas (whose Regimental Sergeant-Major last week was a gem). The single artist speaks to the single viewer, heart to heart. And I have a notion that any progress made in the art of television, just as in the art of sound broadcasting, will be made on this basis of intimate, face-to-face communication.

But perhaps it is only a question of environment. An old *Punch* joke called 'Choice of Environment' came to my mind during the unsmiling *longueurs* of last week's ice pantomime. The drawing



'Haul for the Shore': Eliot Makeham as Jem Burden and George Woodbridge as Petrock Pook



'At the Moulin Rouge with Toulouse-Lautrec', on June 14

I began to have the same misgivings. This was a programme called 'At the Moulin Rouge with Toulouse-Lautrec', which came to us in a part translation of a Parisian television show. It had, I suppose, the laudable idea of using the French painter as a lead-in for a reconstruction of a gala night at the Montmartre music-hall of the 'nineties—with his drawings of the *louche* customers (some very dubious ones, by the way) gradually fading into imperfect impersonations of Yvette Guilbert and Valentin le Désossé. There was also a muttering commentary—which sounded depressed where I imagine it wished to sound nostalgic—it was supposed to be the thoughts of the dwarf painter himself—and there was a great deal of Mr. Leonard Sachs, doing the master of ceremonies in the Players Theatre manner, which imported quite the wrong flavour. About halfway through it occurred to me that in the cause of artistic experiment I ought to see what the show looked like in company. I repaired



'Harlequin in Venice'. Left to right: Innes Hirson as Pantaloon, Diane Dubarry as Rosalba, June Rodney as Fiammetta, and Lionel Solomon as a flute player

showed an obliging barmaid offering a stout party a bun over a counter. 'A bun, sir? Certainly, sir. Will you eat it here, sir, or in a paper bag?' To me, personally and alone, this ice show, 'Ranch in the Rockies', from the Empress Hall, London, seemed one of the flattest, feeblest and least concentrated entertainments I have ever beheld. It sprawled, it dawdled, the humour was tedious and protracted, bawled or crooned at us from loudspeakers. Even the skating did not seem to raise the temperature much above freezing-point. Yet there was the audience, the real, audible audience, apparently in ecstasies of enjoyment. Something wrong there; and, I thought, perhaps something wrong at my end of the proceedings.

On the following Saturday

therefore to a local hostelry where most evenings the patrons sit around watching Ipsen over their pints, and found a full house, lapping up this cultural beano with what is known, I think, as Evident Relish. The piece here took on a very different air; seen between craning necks, infiltrated through the din of a rival sing-song promoted by the public (cheaper and non-television) bar, 'At the Moulin Rouge' seemed no worse than many of those music-hall programmes in which the French language and bright-eyed references to *le continent* encourage the notion that we are, if not gay dogs ourselves, at least in the presence of gaiety.

Does it follow that one ought to watch children's programmes with children? I do not, and so do not have to dissemble the obvious delight so many of these plays afford me. Some of them, like the 'Secret Garden' serial, are good enough for adults; and conversely there are many adult programmes which children would love, among them last week's masque, 'Harlequin in Venice', devised by George Foa with the help of Goldoni, Scarlatti, and others. One afternoon last week children were called out of the sunshine to watch a little reconstruction

of a celebrated Greek myth. It was prettily done, with many of those stage juvenile accents which so tickle the imagination; and there was Miss Shirley Burniston looking handsome and Mr. Lewis Stringer as the King of Hades got up like a seaside clairvoyant. The story? Persephone—who had to leave the sunshine for the kingdom of the shadows. Did the moral sink in?

PHILIP HOPE-WALLACE

BROADCAST DRAMA

Major and Minor

I DO NOT KNOW whether it is the fashion in these days to be cynical about Edmond Rostand's 'L'Aiglon'. Maybe, I can report only that the revival (Home) of Clemence Dane's version excited me more than any radio programme had done for months. It is a pleasure to say so. It held me because translator, producer (Val Gielgud), composer (Richard Addinsell), and cast appeared to work together in the same spirit of excitement. From the first, there was no question of giggling at a tired phrase here, a misplaced emphasis there: the play swept us forward on a racing tide, from the history lesson, the Eaglet's revelation of Austerlitz, to the night-piece on the old battlefield of Wagram, and to the ultimate death-scene, with Metternich's cruel last line, 'He will be buried in his Austrian uniform'.

Radio seems here to be the perfect medium. I have not met 'L'Aiglon' in the theatre. But it is for me a play that, once begun, must flash to its close without the distraction of intervals and of people clambering over one's feet; or of the split seconds when one asks whether this actor really looks like the Duke of Reichstadt, and whether that is a reasonable Metternich; the small reservations, quibbles, queries, that temporarily deflect the mind, blur the picture. On radio, 'L'Aiglon' fixes the imagination at once, swoops on with a concentrated hurtling rush. I hope no one will say that, by modern standards, the rhetoric is tinny. 'L'Aiglon', in the high romantic mood, should not be approached with a weary drawl. The situation is finely theatrical. 'My son is born a Prince of France. Let him remember that until the day of his death'. The Eaglet, Napoleon's son, caged at Schönbrunn, the deeds of his father kept from him, seeks to find the open sky.

The production had three major performances. I shall remember Marius Goring's Eaglet, springing mind in a frail body, when he cried, 'Father, I'm yours, not theirs' to Metternich's insistent 'Hapsburg! Look in the glass!'; and, later, when in death he re-captured 'the triumph, the exultation' at his birth, the birth of the King of Rome. Leon Quatermaine was suavely, coldly Metternich, who has the mocking address to Napoleon's hat, and for whom there is no terror more fearful than the opening of that door at Schönbrunn when 1831 seems to have returned, for a moment, to 1809. And there was Arthur Young to declaim grandly as Flambeau, the grenadier, Napoleon's grenadier ('We were the rank and file'). Val Gielgud produced 'L'Aiglon' as it should be done, in a flare of the imagination, never letting action sag or speaking sink, and conjuring miraculously the field of Wagram in the gale, that 'wind of all yesterdays' that sings and wails like a vast Aeolian harp, and brings terrifyingly the ghosts, the voices of the past. This was major radio. Throughout, the excitement did not fade.

Other matters during the week were relatively minor. Jean Cocteau's 'The Exhibitionists' ('Les Monstres Sacrés'), for which Peter Watts fulfilled with zeal the triple duty of translator, adapter, and producer, was slick, trite Parisian triangle-comedy about an actor and two

actresses, with here and there a witty line. On the whole, as one of the characters says, 'Something from the prop. room'. It was fortunate that Sonia Dresdel could pounce furiously through the piece like a watchful if occasionally languid lynx. (No one has found more syllables in the word 'actually'.)

For the rest, it has been pleasant to hear again the far-off fantasy of Henry Reed's 'Pytheas' (Third). Toni Block's 'I, Cried the Sparrow' (Home) was notable mainly for a study of a loathsome young woman—Violet Loxley mitigated nothing—who endeavours, as Malcolm puts it in another and bigger play, to 'pour the sweet milk of concord into hell... confound all unity on earth'. In the Children's Hour (Home) Irene Hall had a charmingly delicate invention, 'The Merry Maid of Zennor' (about a French mermaid in Cornwall) that was a refreshment after the hard knocks the Cornish have usually to receive from whimsy-weavers and melodramatists. Yvonne Coulette discovered an endearing croon in this as Ondine, whose figure, so Miss Hall would like us to believe, is that carved on one of the pew-ends of Zennor Church.

J. C. TREWIN

THE SPOKEN WORD

Persons and Places

THE HOME SERVICE has recently struck what may prove to be a rich vein in a series called 'Old Tracts for New Times' which is designed to present qualities and characteristics from history or fiction which to this day remain exemplars of human excellence. So far we have had three programmes and there will have been a fourth by the time you read this. The first was 'The Patience of William the Silent' and the speaker C. V. Wedgwood, who is herself the author of a book on him. The record was drawn from a book which thrilled me in my young days—Motley's *Rise of the Dutch Republic*. Motley's fine prose becomes all the finer when read aloud, and by linking together the passages she selected into an unbroken narrative Miss Wedgwood built up a most impressive and moving picture of a great man.

The second programme, 'How to Deal with an Enemy', was drawn from Rabelais. Francis Watson was the selector and introducer, and he chose Rabelais' account of the attack by King Picrochole on Grangousier, the victory of Grangousier's son Gargantua, and Gargantua's speech to the vanquished and his generous treatment of them. The description of his magnanimity makes one doubt for a moment whether civilisation has advanced since the death of Rabelais four hundred years ago. This time the selections, in Urquhart's translation, were read by Cecil Trouncer, a superb performance whose quality can best be defined by stating that the perfect translator had in this instance the perfect reader.

Last week, for the third of the series, Sir Ronald Storrs read and commented on passages from Doughty's *Travels in Arabia Deserta*. Although well worth hearing, it was, I thought, the least successful because Sir Ronald, instead of showing us Doughty's unswerving honesty and intrepidity in a single example of his 'hairbreadth 'scapes', chose rather to illustrate his talk with brief and scattered quotations which, though they vividly recalled Doughty to a listener who was familiar with his great book, must, I think, have given a rather vague and scrappy impression to one who was not. He told us about him rather than exhibited him in action.

There is a different kind of character study or graphic impression which exhibits not persons but places, and I am always aware of a twinge

of nervousness when I switch on one of those programmes in which a flock of B.B.C. reporters set out to describe some historic spot or an excursion by land or water, often engaging the while in perfunctory and embarrassing chat with denizens or fellow-travellers. This is not because I have not heard good ones, but because I have heard others in which tedium and irritation far outweighed my enjoyment. There is always the danger, too, that, as evening draws on, descriptive passages may lapse into a sort of 'processed' poetic prose which is very painful to the sensitive ear. The Euclidean title 'Four Sides of a Square' seemed to promise immunity from this and, sure enough, Lincoln's Inn Fields, in spite of the twilight hour of the visit, was healthily free from vapours. Audrey Russell as introducer described the garden and handed us over to her colleagues in turn who were stationed in some of the more notable houses in the square. With her I always feel safe. She has an eye for the essential details which build up a clear impression in the listening mind, and describes them in quiet, matter-of-fact, realistic terms which are much more effective than more romantic outpourings.

Rex Alston, John Ellison, David Lloyd James, and Henry Riddell co-operated in similar style, with the result that I spent a cool and enjoyable half-hour in one of the most delightful of London squares and in the adjacent chapel of Lincoln's Inn. History was administered in sufficient quantity and palatable form, and the atmosphere was suggested without recourse to verbal atmospherics or synthetic noises.

MARTIN ARNSTRONG

BROADCAST MUSIC

Widening Horizons

THE BOUNDS of one's experience are being so swiftly extended these days, it is difficult to keep pace with the outpouring of music, not only new in the sense of being contemporary but ancient music never before heard and therefore as new to our ears as the latest work to leave the desk of a living composer. It is this sense of adventure among unknown masterpieces of the past that makes listening such an enthralling experience. It is, of course, belittling to scan the programme of Early Western Music given by the Pro Musica Antiqua ensemble of Brussels and to realise that not one of the twenty songs and dances has a place in one's memory. One consoles oneself shamefacedly with the knowledge that the excitement of exploring new territory will be the greater for never having been there before.

It was the gaiety of this music that was its most striking attribute, a springlike quality even in the languorous songs of absent lovers who seemed happy to sing of their pains. The charming pipe and tabor dance 'La quinte estampie réelle' started the programme, two delicious rondeaux by Adam de la Halle ended it, and everything that came between was worth every moment given to listening and left a memory as fragrant as a handful of flowers plucked on a May morning.

Monteverdi's 'Orfeo' took us to slightly more familiar ground, though the opera is still something of a rarity. The performance had reasonable dramatic intensity but there was about it an air of preciousness that gave the music a false emphasis. Monteverdi's inspired periods need great care in performance at this distance of time if they are to keep their freshness, which is that of a Greek fresco copied in warmer colours but still with classic refinement by a later Italian hand. In this instance the music might have come from a century or more nearer our time. One almost expected 'Che farò' to resound over

the air, so near to the romantic emphasis of Gluck was the presentation. Perhaps it was the excessively melting phrases of Mr. Alfred Deller (La Musica Prologo) that caused one to feel thus. His languors, his sudden withdrawals of tone, the arch coyness of his otherwise admirable vocalisation somehow seemed out of place. I have for long been an admirer of his art in counter-tenor singing and I am apprehensive at any omission on his part to put the music first. He has so often done this to admirable effect in the past. Here he seemed intent on presentation of a voice rather than of a song or a recitative, as it was in this case. Possibly he had become infected with the extremely cultivated style employed by 'Orfeo'; one of M.

Pierre Bernac's most affected but not most affecting performances.

The Third Programme's Mozart concert was made memorable by Solomon's performance of the B flat Pianoforte Concerto (K.450). It has a quality of graceful earnestness, everything lucid and shapely; humour, wit, seriousness, playfulness, all exquisitely blended and easily at command. Such a description fits the magical music also, and indeed this was a rare case of music and interpretation melting into one ineffable experience. The incidental music for 'König Thamos', earlier but still of great stature, produced an effect of some majestically ordered stage spectacle. How such large choral episodes could have been inserted into the

original play without disrupting the action, that is a problem which must have taxed the powers even of the ingenious Schikaneder when he produced the work in Salzburg. Mention of his name brings to mind the premonitions of 'Die Zauberflöte' that haunt the 'König Thamos' score. Mozart's affectionate regard for this music, his disappointment at its failure with the public, his turning to it again at the end of his life, all this makes 'König Thamos' a historical document. But we were moved last Friday by something beyond that, by the fineness of the music itself.

SCOTT GODDARD

[Mr. Dyneley Hussey will resume his articles in three weeks]

Cinderella with a Difference

By DYNELEY HUSSEY

'La Cenerentola' will be broadcast at 5.25 p.m. on Thursday, June 26 (Third)

HOW 'La Cenerentola' came to be written is recorded by Jacopo Ferretti, the author of the libretto. Rossini had received a commission for an *opera buffa* from the Valle Theatre in Rome to be produced on December 26, 1816. Rossini arrived in Rome about the middle of the month, but two days before Christmas the subject of the new opera had not been settled. In a discussion with Ferretti, the idea of Cinderella—*La Cenerentola*—somehow cropped up and was agreed upon. Ferretti produced a scenario next day, and Rossini composed the music as the instalments of the libretto arrived. The opera was produced, just a month late, on January 25.

Such was opera-production in the early nineteenth century. Composers had no fine ideas about eternal masterpieces. They wrote, whether tragedy or comedy, for the entertainment of the public, which demanded new operas each season instead of revivals of half-a-dozen old favourites. Such an atmosphere produced vital and healthy music, even if it was seldom profound. The very haste with which works were composed, though it might tempt the harassed composer to adopt stereotyped patterns, communicated its urgency to the music. It is a commonplace that the best journalism is written against the clock, and we should not forget that 'Don Giovanni' was partly composed in a travelling-carriage and its second act botched up during rehearsals in Prague.

The odd thing is that Rossini should have suggested—for the suggestion seems to have come from him—Cinderella. He had in him no vein of fantasy, and fairyland attracted him not at all. But the subject was in the air. In 1810 a libretto by Etienne, based on Perrault's fairy-tale, was set to music in Paris by Isouard and in St. Petersburg by Steibelt. Four years later another version by Pavesi, a prolific but now forgotten composer, was produced in Milan. Etienne's book seems to have served as the model for Ferretti's, who purged it, however, of all those magical elements which have endeared the story to children—the transformed mice and pumpkin, and, above all, the exciting, dreadful event at midnight. For the fairy-godmother, Ferretti substituted the Prince's tutor, who goes about arranging matters like Don Alfonso in 'Cosi fan tutte', but with far less wit and gusto. Even the symbolic glass slipper has given place to a bracelet Mme. Giorgi Righetti, who sang the part, hastened to assure the public that the size of her foot was not in question.

If Ferretti sacrificed much of the charm of the old story, he made up for it with a good

measure of comic invention. It is grossly unfair to dismiss his libretto as poor and thin. The main characters are drawn with vivacity and real comic force, notably that egregious ass, Don Magnifico. From his first pompous entry with his account of a fantastic dream, to his final collapse like a pricked balloon, he is a grand figure of fun. His language is richly grotesque; for instance he addresses his two daughters as 'miei rampolli femminini' as who should say, 'my female scions'.

This nobleman is Cinderella's step-father, not her father, and besides being an ass he is a rogue. For he and his two mean, uncharitable daughters are living on money which rightly belongs to her. Cinderella has her touch of pathos in the little song she sings on her first entry and to which she reverts from time to time during the opera. But, this theme song apart, she shows more spirit, more even of the pertness of the comic opera *soubrette*, than we usually associate with the character. And, as the part was written for an accomplished mezzosoprano of remarkable range and flexibility, there are plentiful opportunities for vocal display.

Apart from the appearance of Alidoro, the Prince's tutor, disguised as a beggar, who is scorned by the two sisters and given a coin by Cinderella, the story runs at first on familiar lines. There is an invitation to the Prince's ball, which is accepted by Don Magnifico and his two daughters, who harry Cinderella with orders to fetch their dresses and their jewellery. She, of course, is to be left at home. Then the Prince himself arrives, disguised as his valet, and Dandini, the valet, in his master's finery. For Don Ramiro is seeking a wife and, though he is a Prince, he sees no reason why he should not choose one to his own liking. He and Cinderella fall in love, while the two sisters vie with one another to engage the attention of Dandini. When the others are about to depart to the ball, Alidoro returns and asks about Don Magnifico's third daughter, who is on the list of invitations. Her father says she is dead, and they go off to the ball. But Alidoro returns and, telling Cinderella he has a coach waiting for her and a ball-dress and jewels, takes her to the palace.

Meanwhile Don Magnifico has been appointed Grand Master of the Royal Cellars, in which capacity he proceeds to dictate a decree forbidding the admixture of water to wine on pain of hanging. Incidentally, he promotes himself Duke of Montefiascone—a point the Roman audience would take, for there is the source of that finest of Italian wines, 'Est, Est, Est', in the

search for which Canon Fugger sacrificed his life to Bacchus. The finale begins with *sotto voce* confidences between the Prince and Dandini; they have no high opinion of Don Magnifico's *rampolli femminini*, who proceed to flirt with Dandini (still dressed as his master and larding his talk with bad Latin to show off his aristocratic education). The climax comes when Alidoro asks permission to introduce an unknown lady and Cinderella enters, magnificently dressed and sparkling with jewels and *coloratura*.

The next scene culminates after anticipations of future glory in the disillusionment of Don Magnifico. In the famous duet Dandini offers to divulge a great secret to the Grand Cellarer—the secret being, not that he wishes to marry one of the daughters, but that he is Dandini, the valet who shaves the Prince and brushes his clothes. This consummate piece of fooling ends in a grand gallop of ridicule and dismay.

All that remains is to wind up the tale happily. Cinderella, leaving the ball, gives the Prince one of her bracelets and challenges him to find the other. Then next day, during a thunderstorm, neatly conventionalised in the music to fit the style of the opera, the Prince's coach breaks down opportunely (Alidoro has seen to it) outside Don Magnifico's house, and Don Ramiro, now in his proper character of Prince, seeks shelter. Cinderella is told to bring a chair for the Prince, and naturally offers it first to the valet, who points to his master. And the Prince sees the bracelet he is seeking. So, after an effective ensemble of perplexity for the six principals, all ends with a vaudeville in the form of an elaborate rondo for Cinderella supported by the rest of the cast.

Rossini matched this libretto with sparkling music. He has been called 'shameless', but in what his shamelessness consists is not clear. If he used up old material in his new operas he had good precedent in Handel and even in Gluck—yes, and even in J. S. Bach. In 'La Cenerentola' actually everything except the overture, taken over from the unsuccessful 'La Gazzetta', is new, though two *arie del sorbetto* (Alidoro's and Clorinda's) were handed to a hack to compose, and the final rondo bears some resemblance to the finale of 'Il Barbiere di Siviglia'. But, perhaps, it is shameful to display an uninhibited enjoyment of the fun of life. In that matter Rossini was, to our lasting delight, shameless beyond measure.

The prospectus of the Henry Wood Promenade Concerts is now obtainable, price 6d., from the Royal Albert Hall, B.B.C., and usual agents.

Broadcast Suggestions for the Housewife

BAKED COD

HERE is my favourite recipe for baked cod. To give it extra flavour you will need:

2 large cutlets of cod
a little lemon juice
pepper and salt
about 3 tablespoons of milk
a little margarine
3 tomatoes, peeled and sliced
1 onion, thinly sliced
2-3 oz. of grated cheddar cheese
parsley

Sprinkle the cod with lemon-juice, and season. Put in a fireproof dish with the milk and dot with margarine. Cover with sliced tomato and onion, and sprinkle liberally with grated cheese. Cover, and bake in a moderate oven $\frac{3}{4}$ to 1 hour, removing the lid 10 minutes before serving. Garnish attractively with lemon and parsley.

LOUISE DAVIES

FIRST AID IN THE COUNTRY

In the country you can, roughly speaking, be cut, scratched, burnt, bitten, stung or chased. However, let us take some of these things one at a time. Small cuts and scratches that are quite clean are usually best left alone to look after themselves. Dirty cuts, scratches and grazes should first be washed in clean water and then an antiseptic should be applied. Iodine is strictly not a very good antiseptic on cuts and broken skin, and it stings horribly. Any chemist will supply you with a variety of hypochlorite or flavine preparations, which sting less and are more efficient. Large scratches, grazes or cuts should, of course, be covered with a clean dressing, preferably sterile gauze or lint, but

failing this a perfectly clean handkerchief or something similar is the next best thing. Large and serious burns are obviously a job for a doctor, but small burns can be washed clean and covered with a burn dressing or with any sterile bland ointment—vaseline will do quite well—on clean gauze or lint.

Some of you may perhaps get sunburnt. The only way to avoid this is to be cautious about exposing skin that is not used to it to direct sunlight. Oil and vinegar are useful on salads, but I do not believe either of them will prevent your skin getting burnt if you expose it too quickly or too much. If you do get burnt, calamine lotion or calamine liniment are about the best simple remedies you can use.

You can be stung by nettles, ants, bees, wasps or hornets. The immediate first-aid remedy for most stings is to extract the sting if possible, and then to rub the place with a dock leaf or with half an onion. Dabbing it with a blue bag or with undiluted household ammonia is more effective, though vinegar is said to be better for wasp stings than ammonia. If you happen to have, or can get hold of, some antihistamine cream, that, rubbed in to the site of the sting, is often better still. A particularly painful experience, I am told, is to sit on an ant hill—especially if the parts you sit upon are not well covered. I should think you would get relief most quickly by sitting forthwith in the nearest cold water, and after that by trying the things mentioned before, including some antihistamine cream.

And lastly you may be chased. Everyone knows about dogs and bulls, but did you know that an old ram can be very nearly as dangerous as a bull? The country may have some hazards,

but I do hope that nothing I have said will make you change your mind about visiting it.

A DOCTOR

Notes on Contributors

JEAN-JACQUES SERVAN-SCHREIBER (page 983): foreign editor of *Paris-Presse*; formerly assistant editor of *Le Monde*

RENATO GIORDANO (page 985): formerly leader-writer on the South Italian newspaper, *Il Mattino del Mezzogiorno*; accompanied Signor de Gasperi as a correspondent on his visit to the United States in 1951

WALTER LIPPMANN (page 987): columnist for the *New York Herald Tribune* since 1931; previously editor of the *New York World*; author of *The Cold War*, *The U.S. in World Affairs* (2 vols.), *U.S. War Aims*, *The Method of Freedom*, *U.S. Foreign Policy*, etc.

MICHAEL GRANT, O.B.E. (page 991): Professor of Humanity, Edinburgh University; author of *Ancient History*, etc.

DR. N. A. MACKINTOSH (page 993): Deputy Director of the Institute of Oceanography

GRAHAM HOUGH (page 995): Lecturer in English Literature, Cambridge University; author of *The Last Romantics: Ruskin to Yeats*

STEPHEN TOULMIN (page 997): Lecturer in the Philosophy of Science, Oxford University; author of *An Examination of the Place of Reason in Ethics*

DR. EMIL BRUNNER (page 1002): Swiss Protestant theologian; Professor of Systematic and Practical Theology, Zürich University, since 1924; author of *The Christian Doctrine of God, Christianity and Civilization*, etc.

Crossword No. 1,155. Northern Lights—II. By Log

Prizes (for the first three correct solutions opened): Book tokens, value 30s., 21s., and 12s. 6d. respectively

Closing date: First post on Thursday, June 26

The letters N, S, E, W, and the pairs NE, SE, SW, NW, are to be represented in the diagram by arrows suitably oriented, North lying at the top of the puzzle for horizontal, and at the right hand side for vertical, lights.

There are twenty-four un-clued one-word lights (some reversed), twelve of which, not all in the same language, are the names of a familiar group; these are also indicated, once each, by the symbol * in the clues (where the reference need not be to the name in the same language as is used in the diagram). Nine more make up the names

of two objects not members of the group but cognate, and, of these, eight make up the five names of one. Of these eight, one has the remaining three un-clued lights as nicknames; and three of this one, 34A (3), 37A-39D (7), and 9D (3) figure in a very well-known tale.

CLUES—ACROSS

1. SW horseman. See 18A and 10U (6).
14. See 28D (3).
16. Daughter of 1000 33A re-arranged (3).
17. Watches; * may fall from them, and translated hold books with 26U (4).
18. Noise of going off of old Captain, said to live on prunes treated by 1A and sounding as if they came from 31A and 47A cakes (6).
20. This 20D upsets * (3).
22. What 13D did (4).
23. See 25A.
24. This and * were examples of 'complicated monsters' in 12U (3).
25. 25. Primrose path (4, 3).
27. 8U's middle to him (3).
28. Suffers in chest and sounds like it (7).
30. A bit boring; most mostly in * (5).
31. Town; see 18A (4).
33. wt. See 16A (2).
- 35B. See 4D (3).
- 39B. See 32D (2).
40. Poke (3).
41. Famous but unsuccessful * went to fetch one of these (5).
43. Water burnt with 20A (2).
45. See 8U (4).
47. See 18A (5).

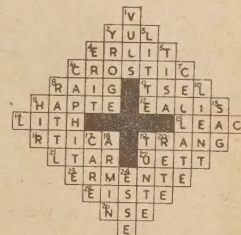
DOWN

2. Sicilian Lord was to pieces with an un-clued light (4).
3. Cork-headed first instalment of what was wat in N.43A (5).
4. Present, but up past 35B (3).
5. See 36D (4).
6. Shot; not the sort made of 41D (3).
7. She- * (5).
- 8U. Encyclopaedist who went fatally near 45A (5).
9. Tiny weapons of * (3).

- 10U. 1A, but remoter (6).
11. Poets' was the Half * and half singular * (3).
- 12U. See 24A (4).
13. He 22A (6).
15. Field work, simple yet two-faced (5).
19. See 36D (4).
20. See 39A (3).
21. Chippy . . . chin-chin? Mixed drinks, anyway (6).
- 26U. See 17A (2).
28. Boatman holding 14A wrongly: result, a *? (6).
29. Our name for him who stopped 13D (6).
32. Coin of 39B (5).
35. Decrease (4).
36. Square; one of twice *, but quarter round with 5D and equally black with 19D (4).
- 38U. See 44D.
41. Antithesis of 39B. See 6D (2).
- 42-46. Unequalled to travel with 28D (5).
- 44D-44U-38U. Charge in other sense than * (7).
46. See 42D.

Solution of No. 1,153

Prizewinners:
1st prize: E. I. Denoon (Edinburgh); 2nd prize: Mrs. N. Fisher (Stroud); 3rd prize: J. M. Doulton (Orpington)



NOTES

Across: 2. Nyula—Yulan. 4. Perlite—Reptile. 6. Acrostics—Sarcotics. 8. Craigs—Cgars. 9. Itself—Stifle. 11. Chap—Parcher. 12. Realist—Saltire. 14. Blithe—Thible. 15. Pl * h—Chapel. 16. Urtical—Curtail. 19. Strange—Garnets. 21. Altars—Tarsal. 22. Duetto—Touted. 23. Ferment of Deferment. 25. Leicester—Sterile. 26. Onset—Ston.

Down: 1. Avulse—Values. 2. Pyrogen—Progeny. 3. Slit r—Titlers. 4. Certe—Tierce. 5. Pusan—Pants. 6. Scramis—Pastiche. 7. Occlated—Dcollate. 8. Prattle—Part r. 10. Clients—Stencil. 11. Thirt—Thrid. 13. Usage—Ag et. 17. Scars—Caress. 18. Farming—Framing. 19. Stunted—Student. 20. Aretes—Tearer. 24. V ss l—S lven.

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